The Other Side of Coexistence

April 4, 1968 35¢

DRAWING THE LINE ON DRAFT EVASION

THE REPORTER

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All wars are ugly. Why do we bring you closer?

American television newsmen make this war a disturbing part of every viewer's day. Hawks and doves, parents and students, legislators and generals—all feel the impact of this steady stream of news reports, analysis and in-depth special programs. And, as a result, our society has never been better prepared to make its decisions. Not only about the war but also about race relations, the economy and politics.

This month, television will also follow man to the bottom of the sea in search of food, minerals and energy. Re-examine Senator Joseph McCarthy's rise and confrontation with Attorney Joseph Welch. Present two great American novels in contemporary relevance. Here is a list to guide the selective viewer.

Home Country, U.S.A. American Profile: Chet Huntley reports on America's strength in its grass roots. Friday, Apr. 5 (10-11 pm).

The Confrontation—McCarthy-Army Hearings. Re-examines the McCarthy era. Friday, Apr. 5 (10-11 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. Africa and I, Sunday, Apr. 7 (4-5 pm); What Color is the Wind? Apr. 14 (4:30-5:30 pm); A Collage of Today. Apr. 21 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Academy Awards. Bob Hope hosts Hollywood's 40th Oscar presentation. Monday, Apr. 8 (10 pm to concl.).

The Great American Novel. *Babbitt* and *The Grapes of Wrath* presented to evoke contemporary relevance. Tuesday, Apr. 9 (10-11 pm).

The Comedy of Ernie Kovacs. Highlights of programs by the late comedian. Tuesday, Apr. 9 (10-11 pm).

The American Alcoholic. The social implications of alcoholism. Friday, Apr. 12 (10-11 pm).

Duke Ellington's Easter Music. Concert of Ellington's sacred music at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Sunday, Apr. 14 (10-11 am).

Bell Telephone Hour. Going to Bethlehem. Sunday, Apr. 14 (6:30-7:30 pm); Jazz: The Intimate Art. Friday, Apr. 26 (10-11 pm).

The Life Cycle of the Sea Turtle; One-Man Submarines. The Undersea World of Jacques-Yves Cousteau. Monday, Apr. 15 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Lonely Dorymen: Portugal's Men of the Sea. National Geographic film. Tuesday, Apr. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Weapons of Gordon Parks. Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner. A close-up of the photographer, artist and writer. Tuesday, Apr. 16 (10-10:30 pm).

Our Time in Hell. Lee Marvin narrates documentary of Marine Corps during World War II. Wednesday, Apr. 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Enormous Egg. NBC Children's Theatre: the story of a pet dinosaur. Thursday, Apr. 18 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Man and Sea. Tomorrow's World: explorations under the oceans for food, energy, minerals. Friday, Apr. 19 (10-11 pm).

Broadway '68—The Tony Awards. 22nd annual presentation of awards. Sunday, Apr. 21 (10-11:30 pm).

The Hungry American. Examination of what it is like to be one of four million impoverished Americans. Tuesday, Apr. 23 (10-11 pm).

Trial Lawyer. Five leading trial lawyers discuss their profession. Tuesday, Apr. 30 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/ ABC's Wide World of Sports/ Frank McGee Saturday Report

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/ Directions/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/Race to the White House/The War This Week/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century/Wild Kingdom/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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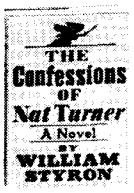
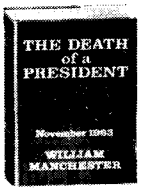
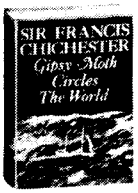


376. CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER *by* WILLIAM STYRON (Ret. price $6.95)

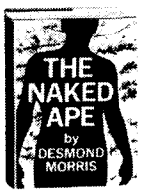


355. THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT *by* MANCHESTER (Retail price $10)

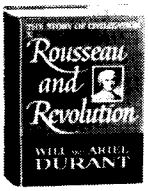


394. GIPSY MOTH CIRCLES THE WORLD *by* SIR FRANCIS CHICHESTER. Illus. (Ret. price $6.95)

382. TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND *by* SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA (Ret. price $5.95)

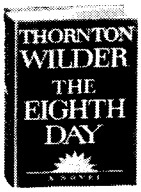


387. THE NAKED APE *by* DESMOND MORRIS (Ret. price $5.95)

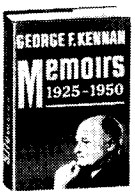


381. ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION *by the* DURANTS (Retail price $15)

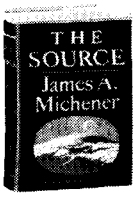
386. TO BROOKLYN WITH LOVE *by* GERALD GREEN (Ret. price $5.95)



363. THE EIGHTH DAY *by* THORNTON WILDER (Ret. price $6.95)



379. MEMOIRS 1925-1950 *by* GEORGE KENNAN (Retail price $10)



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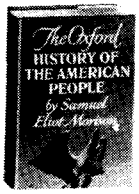

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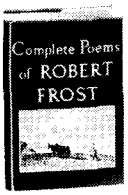

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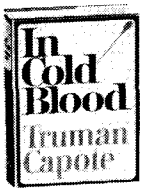

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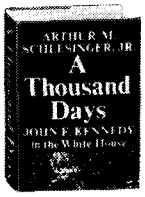

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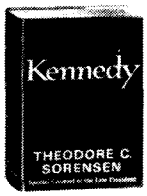

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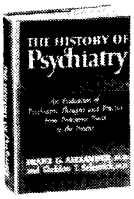

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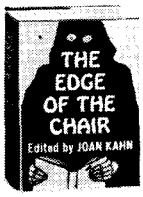

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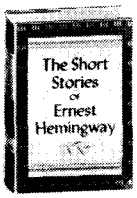

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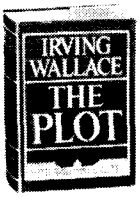

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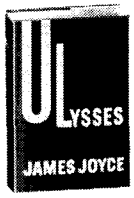

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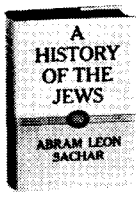

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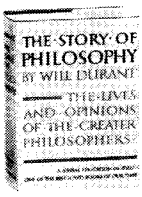

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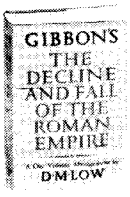

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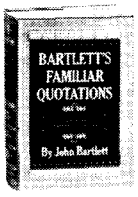

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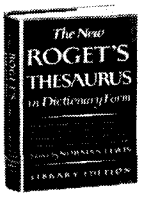

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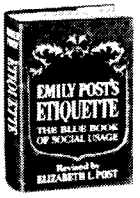

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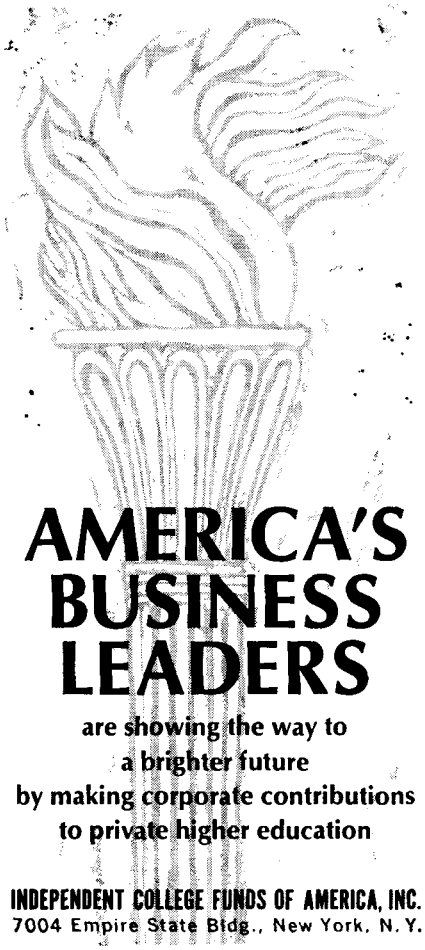

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VOLUME 38, NO. 7 **APRIL 4, 1968**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 8

On Facing Communism

REVERSES IN VIETNAM—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10
THE OTHER SIDE OF COEXISTENCE . . . . . *Albert L. Weeks* 11
THE DEFENSE OF SAIGON . . . . . *Denis Warner* 15

At Home & Abroad

DRAWING THE LINE ON DRAFT EVASION . . . . . *Harriet Douty* 20
SLAMMING THE DOOR ON KENYA'S ASIANS . . . . . *Noel Mostert* 27
ONE KENNEDY BOOK FOR THE PRICE OF TWO . . . . . *Peter Lucas* 29
THE POLES INTERVENE IN PURELY POLISH AFFAIRS . . . . . *Leopold Tyrmand* 30
CARTOON . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 33

Views & Reviews

THE WEDGE-TAILED EAGLE (SHORT STORY) . . . . . *Geoffrey Dutton* 34
I LEFT IT AT THE ASTOR . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 36
Books:
THE 100 PER CENT AMERICAN NIGHTMARE . . . . . *Marvin Barrett* 39
WHAT MELVILLE WROTE . . . . . *Hennig Cohen* 41
CAME THE DAWN . . . . . *Frances Frenaye* 43
ROSES, ROSES, ALL THE WAY . . . . . *Anne Fremantle* 43
TWO POEMS . . . . . *John Engels* 42
THE REPORTER PUZZLE . . . . . *Inside Back Cover*

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They'd be talking about the magnificent new Flatiron Building ("Don't you get dizzy 20 stories up?"). Enoch the Fish Man, who played his trombone solo under water. Jim Europe, Negro bandleader who sired big-band "jass." Flickering flicks and galloping tintypes. Poet Harry Kemp, who made headlines by appearing on the street without a hat (in Greenwich Village, naturally), and again without a tie. Early ad slogans: "Four Out of Five Have It" . . . "Spring! For everyone else but her" . . . "A Sensible Cigarette" . . . "Even Your Best Friends Won't Tell You."

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The Fatty Arbuckle trials. The comic-strip revolution. "Brevity is the soul of lingerie." The Golden Age of Sports: Big Bill, Rock, Bobby Jones, Dempsey and Firpo and Tunney, the Four Horsemen, Red Grange, the Babe. Valentino, flaming youth, and the Hottest Jazz Baby in Films, Lucky Lindy: even Jimmy Walker was on time to welcome *him*.

And more! The market goes crazy. "Go cook a radish." Mayor Big Bill Thompson finds a man he can run against, and beat: the King of England. The Black Age of Crime: Hall-Mills, Legs Diamond, Johnny Torrio, Snyder-Gray, Dion O'Banion, Leopold and Loeb, Big Frenchy DeMange, Bugs Moran, Hymie Weiss (every day, without fail, he went to church to light a candle), *Dutch Schultz, and the Big Guy himself.*

The Era of Wonderful Nonsense. Peaches and Daddy Browning. Shipwreck Kelly, the Luckiest Fool Alive: he wooed a redhead from atop his flagpole, climbed down to marry her. The Rocking-Chair Derby. How crooning was born. C. C. Pyle and his transcontinental walking race, the Bunion Derby.

Idols of the Airwaves and the Silver Screen

Dietrich, Chaplin, Menjou. The Happiness Boys. The Gold Dust Twins. Nita Naldi. *Phil Baker. Mabel Normand. Ray Eberly.* Young Widder Brown. William Desmond Taylor. Professor Quiz. The Boswell Sisters. John Charles Thomas ("Goodnight, Mother."). Will Rogers. Jessica Dragonnette. Ruth Etting. Milton Cross. Russ Columbo. Myrt and Marge. Gloria Swanson. Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable. Harlow. Eddie Cantor. Jean Goldkette. Walter O'Keefe. William Powell and Carole Lombard. The Andrews Sisters.

The list goes on and on. The Street Singer. Garbo. Barrymore. Fred Allen. Harry Richman. Moran and Mack. Jimmy Fidler. Uncle Don. The Mills Brothers. Ben Bernie (did he and Winchell *really* hate each other?). Just Plain Bill. Annette Henshaw. The Red-Headed Music Maker. Singin' Sam. King Kong. Whiteman. Bing. Hundreds more!

"Vas you dere, Sharlie?" If you vas, it's too precious to let any of it get away. Right now, mail the coupon for your copy of *Remember When*. It's the berries.

TIRED of smog . . . traffic jams . . . repairmen who don't fix it right . . . typists who don't spell it right . . . stores that deliver the dress you never ordered?

We have no Solutions. All we can do is take you back to a saner, better world. And that's no bunk, lounge lizard.

Remember when you froze on line outside the Paramount (35¢ before 12 noon) to catch Benny, when he had Gene and Harry and Lionel in the band?

Remember those dreamy boys at the USO, just in from Iwo Jima, and how hard it was to recall what all the service ribbons stood for?

Did that big bozo at the peephole ever let you in the mahogany door so you could put away a little giggle water? ("Just off the boat – you can still smell the salt water.")

There was Mae West (some bimbo!) murmuring, "When I'm good, I'm very good; but when I'm bad, I'm better." Dizzy Dean and brother Daffy. Knickers. Tea in tin boxes. Dance marathons. Betty Furness on early TV struggling with the vacuum cleaner. Hollywood stars under the lids of dixie cups. "$30 Every Thursday": Senator Downey and his Ham-and-Eggs Crusade. S.A. "It."

Calm your fears — we wouldn't dream of forgetting Wee Bonnie Baker. Babe Didrickson. Bank night. Judge Crater. Starr Faithful. Fibber McGee's closet. Slim and Slam. Goldfish swallowing. Ella Mae Morse. Busby Berkeley. Zoot suits. Miniature golf. Jigsaw puzzles. Fats Waller. Singing song titles. The Ritz Brothers. Two-Ton Tony Galento. "Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar." Mark Hellinger. Scott Fitzgerald. Aimee Semple McPherson. Sam Goldwyn. The Trylon and the Perisphere. Listening to the radio ("C'mon, Mom, Joe Penner is on").

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IT IS a dark hour for our country, which has lost many a battle but, as is generally said, never a war. The difficulties of wrestling with a Communist power are very great, even for a nation like ours, so incomparably superior to North Vietnam or, fifteen years ago, to North Korea. On these occasions we are bound to realize that, in a situation of armed conflict, we inevitably meet the same implacable opponent. It is too soon after the setbacks we have had in Vietnam to assess fully the responsibilities of our government or military leaders. Yet the first attempt has to be made, and that is what **Max Ascoli** does in his editorial.

IN THE FACE of all the evidence offered by the above-mentioned experiences, a substantial number of Americans cling to the idea that peaceful coexistence means that when local wars or provocations threaten to blaze into a wider conflagration, the Soviet Union will help us damp the flames. To demonstrate the folly of such calculations in the case of Vietnam, **Albert L. Weeks,** associate professor and lecturer on politics at New York University, documents the deepening Soviet involvement in their "proxy war" and a parallel hardening of Soviet foreign policy toward the United States since the fall of Khrushchev. Professor Weeks, a former State Department analyst of Soviet politics, presents "A Week's View of the Red Press" on WNBC Radio. . . . As one set of monsoon rains in the north of South Vietnam lifts this month and thereby allows U.S. air power to strengthen the defense of Khe Sanh, another monsoon will darken the skies of the south, aiding the movement of Vietcong troops and rocket teams in the watery farmlands outside Saigon. **Denis Warner** says that when this happens, the capital can expect to be attacked again. This time U.S. and South Vietnamese forces are better prepared to protect the city, but corruption and infiltration from within and hard-to-defend terrain on the outskirts give the enemy advantages that make total security for Saigon a difficult job.

SINCE the April demonstrations a year ago, the peace movement in the United States has turned its focus onto active draft resistance. The Justice Department has countered the development by creating a unit to prosecute violations of the law, beginning with the trial this month of Dr. Benjamin Spock *et al.* **Harriet Douty,** a Washington-based free-lance writer, traces the growth of the anti-draft movement. . . . The plight of Kenya's Asian minority —British citizens who may no longer freely emigrate to Britain, Kenya residents of long standing who are now excluded from equal rights in Kenya— has aroused the concern of the world. **Noel Mostert** writes on Africa for U.S. and British magazines. . . . **Peter Lucas** is a political writer on the Boston *Herald Traveler.* . . . The convulsion rocking the oppressive Gomulka régime in Poland has incalculable significance for the Soviet bloc and, by extension, for the West. The student demonstrators and their older supporters are Marxists, not the nationalists or anti-Communists who have defied Moscow elsewhere in the postwar period. These young rebels want greater freedom of thought within the Communist framework, a demand that will have repercussions among the Soviet youth, whose contacts with the outside world are largely through their Slavic neighbors. **Leopold Tyrmand** is a Polish novelist who recently left his country to live and write in the United States. The title of his article is a paraphrase of Bertholt Brecht, who once wryly asked, "What right do the Poles have to intervene in purely Polish affairs?" Mr. Tyrmand was in Europe when the demonstrations broke out. . . . **Fernando Krahn's** cartoon could be about gold.

Geoffrey Dutton, an Australian, is the author of *Poems Soft and Loud,* published in Melbourne by F. W. Cheshire. He has also edited two paperbacks, *Australia and the Monarchy* (Tri-Ocean) and *Literature of Australia* (Pelican). . . . **Gerald Weales** is the author of *A Play and Its Parts* (Basic Books). The Jakov Lind novel *Ergo,* which he compares with its dramatization, has been published by Random House. . . . **Marvin Barrett** is currently free-lancing in New York. . . . Among the Melville volumes edited by **Hennig Cohen** is *Selected Poems of Herman Melville* (Southern Illinois University Press). The Northwestern-Newberry *Typee,* which he discusses, is also available in paperback. . . . **Frances Frenaye,** in her capacity as translator, is responsible for having made known in America much of postwar Italian literature. . . . **Anne Fremantle's** most recent book is *Pilgrimage to People* (McKay), a study of men, women, and places that bridge differing creeds and cultures. . . . **John Engels** teaches in Vermont at Saint Michael's College.

Our Vietnam cover is by **Robert Quackenbush.**

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A handful of people like Mary Carnwath are trying to keep our promise to the Indians. But they won't make it without you.

The Hopi Indians' village of Shipaulovi in Arizona sits on land so poor, infertile and inhospitable that so far nobody has tried to take it away from them.

Electricity has not yet reached the Hopis. Water must be hauled from three miles away. Jobs are few and far away. Only poverty and despair are close-by and in abundance.

Yet for the first time in generations, Mary Carnwath and people like her are stirring hope among the Hopis.

Mary Carnwath works and lives two thousand miles away, in Manhattan. Her own daughter is now grown-up, and through *Save the Children Federation* she is sponsoring one of the village girls, 8-year-old Grace Mahtewa.

The Mahtewas (two parents, three children, one grandmother and a sister-in-law) live tightly packed in a tiny rock and mud house. The father who knows ranch work but can't find any most of the year, isn't able to provide the family with even the bare necessities.

Grace, bright, ambitious and industrious, would possibly have had to quit school as soon as she was old enough to do a day's work. But, because of Mary Carnwath, that won't be necessary.

The $15.00 a month contributed by Mary Carnwath is providing a remarkable number of things for Grace and her family.

Grace will have a chance to continue schooling. The family has been able to make its home a little more livable. And with the money left over, together with funds from other sponsors, the village has been able to renovate a dilapidated building for use as a village center. The center now has two manual sewing machines that are the beginnings of a small income-producing business. It's only a small beginning. More money and more people like Mary Carnwath are needed. With your help, perhaps this village program will produce enough money to end the Hopi's need for help. That is what Save the Children is all about.

Although contributions are deductible, it's not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals, a warm coat and a new pair of shoes. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for other American Indian children —who suffer the highest disease rate and who look forward to the shortest life span of any American group.

As a sponsor you will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond with him and his family.

Mary Carnwath knows that she can't save the world for $15.00 a month. Only a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough Mary Carnwaths. How about you?

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and a member of the International Union of Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports are available on request.

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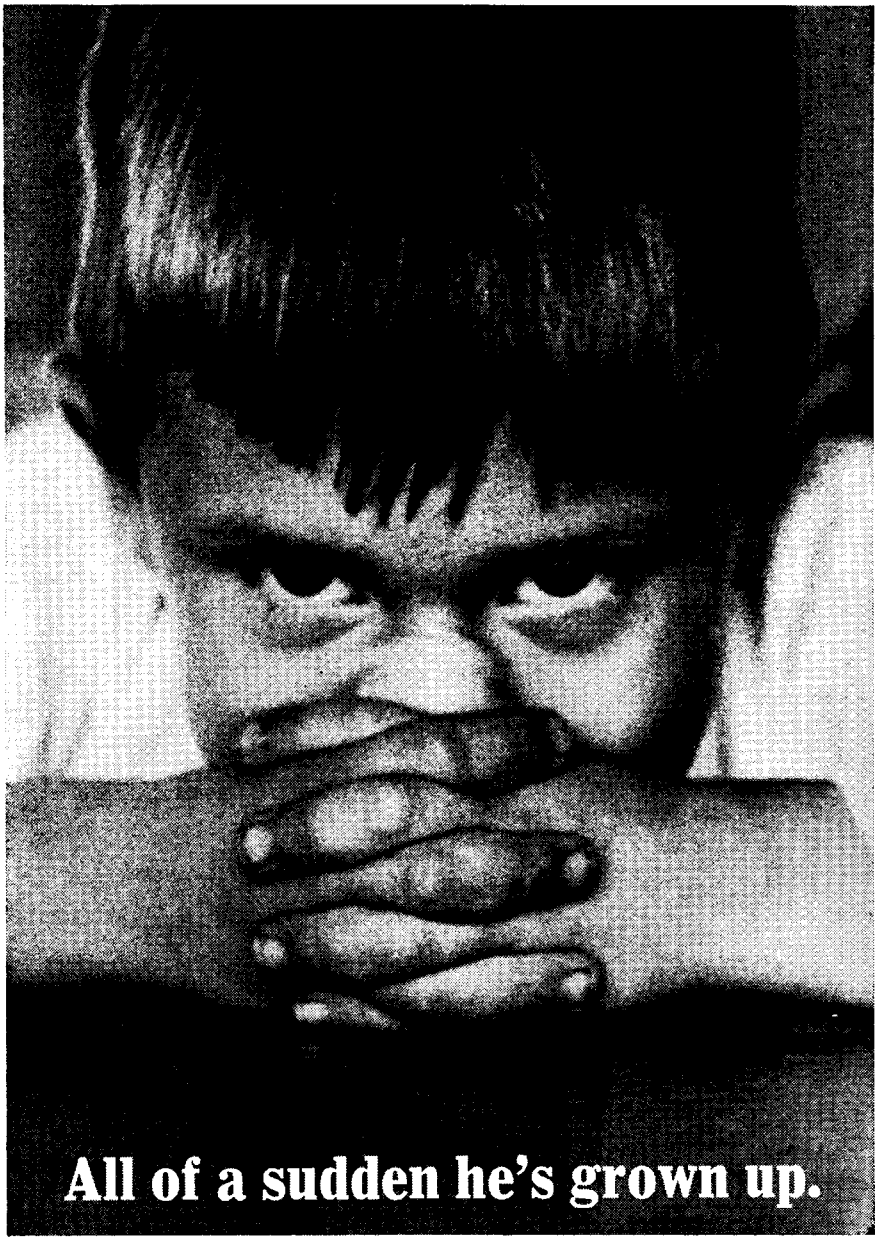

One day you'll say, "He's his own man now." And you'll know the way was not easily found.

Of one thing you can be sure. He'll need all the education he can get—college, certainly, possibly even graduate school.

But there's a problem. Colleges are crowded and enrollments are growing. More classrooms, laboratories, libraries, good teachers will be needed.

These take money. So, give to the college of your choice now and help make certain college will be ready when he is.

Enrich his future . . . and America's.

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CORRESPONDENCE

SOUTHEAST OF SUEZ

To the Editor: Noel Mostert's fascinating roundup of the "High Stakes Southeast of Suez" (*The Reporter,* March 7) gives some important information not generally available in the press. The article also raises serious questions of what we should do, or have been doing, in the area already abandoned or soon to be.

Granted that the oil fields of the Persian Gulf will be jeopardized by the British withdrawal and the rise of Soviet-supported Arab nationalism, would we have benefited by unilaterally replacing the British garrison at Aden, for instance, with U.S. troops? Would we have backed the British wards among the South Arabian sheiks with guns against the nationalists who proclaimed the area to be South Yemen? Are we prepared to airlift soldiers to Tanzania to quell a mutiny, as Britain did at the government's request? Is there any likelihood that we would be asked today?

I think the answer to these questions is "No," if U.S. troops would be involved alone. What is needed to replace the British is some kind of regional security arrangement in which the United States could play a part with other nations of the area. But we should never consider taking on responsibility for defending freedom in an area without clear commitments from others who want us there and would share the burden.

RAYMOND BADOUL
Buffalo

THE DETROIT STRIKE

To the Editor: Your January 11, 1968, article "Detroit's Press Profiteers," by William Serrin and Gene Goltz, states that I and my "friends" were influential in building sympathy for a strike against the Detroit *News* on November 15, 1967. The article further implies that we encouraged this unfortunate strike, already 125 days old.

The six men who, with myself, distributed the *Daily Express* emphatically deny that we in any way encouraged the strike or built sympathy for it. As a matter of fact, we opposed the strike. As you know, the *Daily Express* ceased publication on January 17, 1968, but Teamsters Local 372 just recently voted to accept the Detroit *News*' latest offer. This fact (the continuation of the strike with or without interim papers), plus the overwhelming vote in favor of a strike on November 15, 1967 (361 to 50), demonstrates the absence of any influence that my group had in either creating the strike or prolonging it.

The article correctly states that we made a profit in the distribution of the interim paper, the *Daily Express*, but since this is the only business we

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know, our only alternative was unemployment.

FRANK QUINN
Westland, Michigan

AFTER TET

To the Editor: Denis Warner brings alive the Vietnam scene he knows so well. His "Gains and Losses in Saigon" (*The Reporter*, March 7) was very helpful in sorting out the chaos of the Tet offensive.

I do have two bones to pick: how can he speak of unity forming around the Saigon government when dozens of opposition political, religious, and labor leaders jailed during the crisis are still locked up? And how can he say that losses on the allied side have been "mostly intangible" when so much of the cities is in ruins? Of course, we suffered substantial intangible losses, too, which may be what he meant.

IAN MACBAIN
Seattle

CIVIL RIGHTS LIVES!

To the Editor: *The Reporter's* tradition of providing perspective instead of hysteria has been well served by Marvin Rich's "Civil Rights Progress Out of the Spotlight" (March 7). The atmosphere has been so thoroughly preempted by wild claims that the civil-rights movement is dead that a large part of the thinking public has by now come to believe that this is so. Marvin Rich's sober chronicle of steady work, unflagging inspiration, and persistent courage is a badly needed antidote.

In December and January, the NAACP's voter-registration campaigns enrolled 550,000 voters in Texas alone; in thirteen other states during 1967 more than 200,000 new registrants were obtained. After November 5 of this year, there will be some weeping and wailing, as well as some strident denunciation of the "establishment" because of this or that unfavorable election outcome. Five will get you ten that most of this will come from people who could not raise a finger to help because they were too busy thumbing noses.

JOHN A. MORSELL
Assistant Executive Director
National Association for the
Advancement of Colored People
New York

THE MARYLAND CASE

To the Editor: Thomas W. Lippman's "The Rape Case That Shook Maryland" (*The Reporter*, March 7) is an interestingly written account, but it suffers from some inaccuracies and a glaring misrepresentation.

It is not quite correct to say that the Messrs. Forer and Witt were "hired by" the Giles-Johnson Defense Committee. These gentlemen made themselves available to the Giles brothers as their counsel if they wished to have their services. This committee has occasionally sent money to these attorneys as tokens of our appreciation for their efforts, but we did not select them or engage them to serve the committee. Our relationship was one of co-operation, and all legal decisions were made by the attorneys in consultation with their clients, the Giles brothers and, later, Joseph Johnson.

I would be interested to know on what grounds the statement is made that "the Defense Committee rushed into its greatest tactical error" when it "rejected the suggestion" that Johnson apply for a pardon "and demanded a hearing on Johnson's petition for a new trial." In the first place, this decision was not for the committee to make. This was a matter for the accused and his attorney. Governors are not likely to grant pardons unless all legal recourse has been tried. Since the argument for a new trial was so strong and the path to a pardon might have been very long and unsure, the defense made this decision. By what standard is this called an error? A great deal of information came out which will be very useful to those writing and studying about this case, and to the young men who will live in the shadow of it the rest of their lives.

Obviously the source and the writer are not close to the work of the Giles-Johnson Defense Committee, or they could not have suggested that "the committee did not want the case to end . . . it had become part of its members' lives." The committee's active workers have deeply yearned for an end to this case since they have many other demanding duties, including the responsibility to assist the Giles brothers and Joseph Johnson to adjust successfully to a life from which six and a half of their best years have been taken.

FRANCES B. ROSS
Silver Spring, Maryland

AIDING AID

To the Editor: Your description ("The Reporter's Notes," March 7) of the snug little triple play wherein the Inspector General of Foreign Assistance justifies his salary, Senator Fulbright gets another chance to bat the administration in cold blood, and the press gets another righteous story about government waste, was precisely on target. Except when you say that the game is one in which "all the participants usually win."

I would say the undeserving loser was foreign aid and the Agency for International Development. And that if Inspector General Mansfield is doing his job, he knows very well that AID could have been credited with ten things well done for every scandalous and trivial tidbit he served up. To say so would have violated the rules of the game, of course, and it is probably too much to expect the press to have asked.

SUE RANSLOW
Takoma Park, Maryland

. . . There's more to the Thirties than

BONNIE AND CLYDE

The profound political stability and swift social change which comprise the past two centuries of the American experience had their harshest confrontation in the Thirties.

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Frank Knight
Orme W. Phelps
Raymond Moley
Rexford G. Tugwell
Ernest K. Lindley
and
Upton Sinclair

consider whether modernity and its crises have radically outmoded the Constitution and its tradition, whether those are right who rigidly preserve the principles and practices of the past, or whether something of the tradition outrode and mastered the crisis of the Thirties and — with wisdom and moderation — may outride crises yet to come.

THE THIRTIES

A Reconsideration In the Light of the American Political Tradition

edited by
Morton J. Frisch and Martin Diamond

154 pages **$6.50**

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Image and Reality

In one respect at least, 1968 shows signs of becoming an ordinary election year: we have already developed a set of images that bear little or no relation to the reality they are meant to describe. These little stick figures now contending in the pages of our press and in our public discourse for the Democratic Presidential nomination are three: (1) The foredoomed philosopher-poet—Senator Eugene J. McCarthy of Minnesota; (2) the invincible politician—Senator Robert F. Kennedy of New York; (3) the all but unbuckable party boss—President Lyndon B. Johnson. It is an entertaining comic strip, but somewhat out of place on page one.

"Professorial" is the faintly praising epithet most often applied to Senator McCarthy both by worried supporters and by worried enemies in the Kennedy camp, to invoke the persistently held theory that he is no political match for the other two contenders. This image of a novice politician has proved remarkably sturdy in the face of evidence between November and the end of March that Senator McCarthy (who has been getting elected to office for twenty years) had outguessed, outsmarted, and outmaneuvered both the Senator and the President. His election victory in New Hampshire had completely altered the strategies available to them. They could attack each other and he could attack them, but political self-interest required—at the outset anyway—that they respond to his barbs by saying what a nice fellow he was.

Senator Kennedy's reputation as an invincible politician rests on a confusion of fame, fortune, and ambition with judgment and talent as a candidate. In 1964, for instance, he assessed, renounced, reassessed, and de-renounced his senatorial candidacy much in the manner of his recent performance, managing to enter the race on a wave of charges of "opportunism" and to win by two million fewer votes in New York than Lyndon Johnson did. In between time a host of Congressional, state, and local candidates who supported him were defeated, and he did little to overcome his own curiously convulsive political style.

The public has become quite familiar by now with the interminable and undignified hassles over what Kennedy did and did not say or mean in relation to all manner of subjects—the recognition of the Vietcong in 1966, the Manchester affair a year later, the appointment of a commission to study the war, and so on. This uncertainty and constant revisionism has quite naturally led Kennedy into this campaign on a new wave of "opportunism" charges. For in his recent past there repose a number of embarrassing statements about his reasons for supporting President Johnson; moreover Kennedy could only make his announcement by stepping on the foredoomed philosopher-poet's head. As a campaigner rather than as a political manager, he has thus far shown a Nixon-like tendency to squander his advantages.

The image of President Johnson as Lord of the Hacks is equally fanciful. When Senator Kennedy announced his intention to run, it was universally observed that the task might prove insuperable owing to the President's powerful hold on patronage, his consequent hold on the loyalty of the party organization, and on the convention delegates the party would ultimately select. In this respect, however, President Johnson is about as unbuckable as Senator Kennedy is politically invincible. Indeed, the President's disinclination to clear ambassadorships down to the precinct level, his shying away from partisan positions (except for an occasional bash at Richard Nixon or Gerald Ford, whom he apparently cannot resist), and his general refusal to rank party matters very high in his concerns have all conspired to undermine his normal political strength as an incumbent. He has been less generous with political appointments to important jobs than the Kennedy administration was and he may have reason to regret it now.

THERE was a time when all right-minded Democrats thought images and imagery the sort of thing that Republicans worried about and they made fun of political soap salesmanship. But right now these large and spurious impressions are very important in Democratic politics, since the images may finally determine the reality. That is because, despite all the contradictory pronouncements from political wise men about how the President has the convention in the bag or the Kennedy forces cannot be resisted, the condition of the party organizations in many big Northern states is open and quite chaotic. Agents of all three candidates are of course on the move, but the local officials and leaders are waiting, polling, guessing, trying to anticipate the strength of the Kennedy candidacy and the turn of events in Southeast Asia and at home before they move.

Typically, Senator Kennedy has got himself into an unnecessary, though perhaps resolvable, dilemma. His campaign helpers point out, if not with pride at least with assurance, that he has an unbroken record of pacifying those liberals who are recurrently disturbed by some act of opportunism—but who also "get over" it. This time around, however, while it is essential that he re-establish his role as an idealist, he mustn't go too far, since it is the notion of the "ruthless opportunist" in control of the "Kennedy juggernaut" that is likely to be decisive in the deliberations of party functionaries who are deciding whether or not to jump ship.

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Thus, the aftermath of Kennedy's announcement saw the commencement of a war of nerves. It is still going on, with his forces and those committed to the President both trying to perpetuate the image of their terrific and unbreakable strength. The Kennedy camp has done much by way of trying to plan the timing of announcements of support—some of which are not very surprising—so as to give the impression that the juggernaut is again on the move. Western Union and Bell Telephone are the richer for all the efforts to acquire public commitments to Kennedy—especially commitments from former members of the Johnson administration.

If, within the next couple of weeks, as one Democratic official has put it, the party people "don't push the panic button" and if "the scare tactic" doesn't work, the campaign will settle down to a prolonged and not very beautiful struggle for delegates. The outcome will very much depend on what the President does, on what happens in Vietnam, and on whether the unprofessorial Senator from Minnesota can maintain himself as a candidate whose fate his supporters do not wish to "get over."

Port in the Storm

"In spite of the current difficulties, which it deplores, the Hotel Ritz will always welcome its faithful American clients." This rather plaintive announcement by the Paris hostelry caught our eye in the New York *Times* the other day. The Ritz sounds lonely, and if it weren't for some current difficulties with our bank, not to mention the annual difficulty to be faced on April 15, we'd fly right over.

Obviously the Ritz, too, feels that something has gone out of life since the days when Marcel Proust took tea in its halls or when Ernest Hemingway read the racing form at the bar. But the institution has been around a long time, and there is a reassuring note in its message. One must lament the troubles of our time, but after all, they are ephemeral. As in vintages, there are good years and bad; one must not devalue faith. And even in a bad year, it's nice to know that there's a refuge on the Place Vendome where we deplorers will be welcomed.

He Said It

Whatever embargoes may have been put upon imports from Rhodesia, we hope there will never be one on quotations from its distinguished leaders. Savor this one, for example: a cabinet minister referred to his country as "the linchpin on which the tide of Communism will be turned." It combines unusually striking mixed metaphor, rolling fatuousness, and magnificent dishonesty (for Rhodesia trades happily with the Soviet Union).

Not that dishonesty is an invariable quality of the men who rule Rhodesia. Another quotation comes to mind which seems to bespeak some sort of oafish honesty, and which should surely rank among the weirdest defenses of political policy ever made. A Rhodesian Front member of Parliament is cited as saying: "Politics in Rhodesia in recent years have always moved to the Right. Now that's impossible, because any party to the right of ours would just be the lunatic fringe."

And Then There Were Two

Nelson A. Rockefeller has defied one of the most enduring conventions, the notion that American politics must be a show and its participants players. Rockefeller declined to be a gladiator against Richard Nixon in the bread-and-circuses arena of Oregon, the site of his only previous political victory outside New York. His nationally televised announcement was a joke on several American institutions. It was a joke on television itself and the newspapers, which had backed a forthcoming Nixon-Rocky Party Split Revue with all the enthusiasm of anxious Broadway angels. The governor denied them their drama.

Some of his supporters were disappointed at missing the show, too. "Why should we let the Democrats get all the publicity?" a friendly Republican Senator asked Rockefeller two days before his decision. The governor later told an aide that he didn't need this type of encouragement and could not get into a contest on that basis.

With Rockefeller absent from the scene, events seem to be floating Nixon's way. Or are they? Nixon, along with most observers of the G.O.P., has been eyeing his left-flank threat from Rockefeller so intently as to ignore the right flank. California Governor Ronald Reagan's backers have planned an active campaign in the May 28 primary in neighboring Oregon. Reagan does not share Rockefeller's reluctance toward playing a role in a political drama. Moreover, his supporters have prepared a campaign employing widespread use of television, a hospitable arena for Reagan and a perilous one for Nixon.

The political instincts of Richard Nixon may well lead him to woo the orphaned Republican left. The smallest step in that direction will give Reagan any excuse he may require to come on strong in Oregon, and G.O.P. unity would then be in serious jeopardy. This, however, is a year in which political ambition is overwhelming political logic. In 1972, Reagan will be sixty-one years old, the freshness of his appeal wilted by time and events in Sacramento.

Besides invoking the strength of the conservatives Reagan's television prowess will appeal to more practical Republicans, especially in the light of President Johnson's difficulties with the tube. Reagan has made his reputation in political television—in 1964 for Barry Goldwater and last year in a television performance co-starring Robert Kennedy. The matching of Reagan and Kennedy in a CBS transatlantic debate with European students provided a memorable experience for many politicians.

The consensus was that Reagan demolished Kennedy, his self-assurance and glibness proving a more effective response to the gibes of the students than was Kennedy's tone of halting apologies. For Republican politicians who recall that performance, the thought must surely occur that should Kennedy be their opponent in the fall, how could the party prevail in another Nixon-Kennedy contest? It is a question that Reagan may well have asked himself lately.

It is possible that Nelson Rockefeller has, too.

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Reverses in Vietnam

In Vietnam, as in Korea, our country has been fighting to stop the aggression of a small Communist power, not to crush it. In both cases, our government has imposed on itself an approximate balance of strength with a minor Communist country caught in overrunning a neighbor whose independence we had guaranteed. The limited intervention of American weapons and fighting men has been counteracted by a limited intervention of the Soviet Union, which has sent plenty of weapons but not men to support the Communist side. The American soldiers were sent to fight in both countries to re-establish the status quo, so that a peace without victory could be achieved.

True, in Vietnam as in Korea, the dividing line between the Communist and non-Communist sections of the country had been established by international agreement. In both cases measures for reunification by the free vote of the citizens were nullified by the fact that a Communist régime cannot allow freedom of choice to the people it rules. Yet our country incurred the opprobrium of large sections of mankind for having defended the status quo with the lives of its soldiers.

From our repeated experience with limited wars, one bitter lesson must be derived: they are not likely to be advantageous to us, or to the people we have undertaken to defend, when their duration turns out to be too prolonged. The very modesty of our aims prevents their being believed when the effort to reach them becomes such a long and costly undertaking. During the Korean War, the aim was clearer, and so was the conflict of opinions within our country. President Truman wanted to reach and hold the Thirty-eighth parallel, while General MacArthur never gave up his conviction that there was no substitute for victory.

In the case of Vietnam, the administration's aims have remained undeviating: help that poor, battered country to stand on its own. But against our armies in the field stands an infinitely more sophisticated enemy, or combination of enemies. There is the Soviet Union, which at present can provide the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese with a better assortment of weapons than those with which we equip the Army of South Vietnam. And then there is Red China. The Johnson administration uses the Truman and MacArthur rhetorics concurrently: we will win, the President says, we will win the war and the peace. What he means is that we want peace, and the avoidance of defeat.

Limited wars can be kept actually limited, provided they are short and crushing. In our days, they are hard to fight against a marginal power in order to teach the two Communist empires that "wars of liberation" do not pay. These empires can keep us at war, at no risk to themselves, for as long as they please, and the longer the limited war lasts, the dirtier it becomes. So does our domestic politics.

By now, it has become a theme, reiterated by the press, TV, and in arrogant or bland professorial articles and the like: the war is lost. Since the reverses of our forces during the Tet offensive, the gloomy prophecies have a quality of fake certainty. It is a pleasure to notice at least one voice raised in protest: *America*, the Jesuits' magazine, in a recent issue recalled that it had its doubts in 1963 when we "were once told that we could safely knock the props out from under a legal government in South Vietnam in order to fight the war more effectively." And it has its doubts today when "We are now being told that we can accept 'failure' in South Vietnam (the burden of an article by Edwin O. Reischauer in the March 10 New York *Times Magazine*) and still maintain a stabilizing presence in Asia."

Too many Americans, in and out of government, have been playing God with the destiny of the Vietnamese people. The current fad is the advocacy of a coalition government in Saigon, with the participation—which means control—of the Vietcong. One of the first to suggest the idea was Senator Robert Kennedy, in a statement in February, 1966. Can anyone have doubts about the meaning of a coalition government with Communists anywhere, and particularly in that part of the world?

Recently, Senator Robert Kennedy, strengthened in his self-confidence by the success of Senator McCarthy, and with his broadest, toothiest Kennedy smile, announced himself as the leader of the largest possible anti-Johnson coalition. In the coming Presidential election, the voters are faced with the most appalling issues. There is the gold crisis, the race conflict, the war in Vietnam: the to-be or not-to-be of the nation is to be decided by the voters.

As far as the President is concerned, we respectfully suggest that he concentrate entirely on the example of the predecessor he idolizes, Franklin Roosevelt. Yet he cannot copy him. Roosevelt, in a period of great national danger, proclaimed himself "Dr. Win-the-War." By definition, the limited war in Vietnam cannot be won. But Lyndon Johnson can talk firmly to Moscow, and cut the power of Hanoi down to size.

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The Other Side of Coexistence

ALBERT L. WEEKS

THEIR PROXY WAR in Vietnam may be costing the Russians from five to eight billion rubles (1 ruble = $1.11) a year. The Soviet budget, Premier Alexei Kosygin indicated in a recent *Life* interview, is showing the strain of increased arms expenditures that inhibit the growth of living standards. Indeed, an impressive and expensive quantity of military hardware is now being sent to the North Vietnamese and Vietcong: PT-76 light tanks, which turned up in the Tet offensive; AK-47 and AK-57 automatic rifles; machine guns of various calibers; artillery, some of it rocket-firing; bazookas; surface-to-air missiles (SAMs); MIG-21s of various models; Ilyushin-28 ("Beagle") twin-jet tactical bombers; and other types of matériel.

Measured in terms of cost and of quality and variety of matériel, the Soviets' involvement in Vietnam has already outstripped their contribution over the entire three years of the earlier remotely operated "local war" in Korea. The East European COMECON countries' commitment in Vietnam is likewise much greater than it was in the Korean War. Paralleling this development are extremely large increases in the defense budgets of the Soviet Union and the northern Soviet-bloc states for 1968: U.S.S.R., up fifteen per cent; East Germany, up sixty per cent; Poland and Czechoslovakia, up ten per cent.

It would be neither good Leninism nor good common sense for the Soviets to be up to their ears in Vietnam if their involvement were not serving some very pivotal military and political interests, especially intra-Communist politics. So deep in fact is the involvement and so crucial the reasons for it that the Russians are manifestly uninterested in seeking an end to the conflict, at least at present. This has become all too obvious, a "cruel fact," as Lenin would say, with each passing Soviet refusal to reconvene the 1954 Geneva Conference, of which the Soviet Union serves as co-chairman along with Great Britain; with each Soviet press reiteration of "sole, genuine representative of the whole South Vietnamese people" in describing the National Liberation Front; with each Communist frustration of inspections of the Laotian and Cambodian borders by the International Control Commission; with each new Soviet intensification of the Communist war effort in Vietnam; and with each increase in bitterness in the already high-pitched anti-U.S. propaganada effort in the Soviet media.

After Khrushchev

Why have the Soviets become so deeply involved in Vietnam since 1964? Was it mere cause and effect, with U.S. bombing in February, 1965, causing an automatic Soviet stepped-up response?

What motivates the Soviets' continued deepening involvement, coupled to a persistent intransigence toward finding a solution to the conflict?

What effect may this Soviet brinkmanship—not only in Vietnam but also in the Mediterranean area—eventually have on the delicate U.S.-Soviet détente?

To answer these questions it is necessary to go back to October 13, 1964, the date Nikita Khrushchev was deposed by a task force of conspirators led by Party Secretaries Leonid Brezhnev and Mikhail Suslov. They won over not only the party Presidium but also an influential core in the 170-man Central Committee. The new Brezhnev-Kosygin-Podgorny-Suslov quadrumvirate soon began a major alteration of Soviet foreign policy, especially with regard to the United States.

The events of the summer and early fall of 1964 and the last days of Khrushchev are already part of contemporary history. Unfortunately, however, the *Soviet* aspects of this period are frequently overlooked in the otherwise far-ranging discussions on Vietnam, being understandably sidetracked by another major event of the same period, the Gulf of Tonkin incident.

What trends were under way in

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Soviet foreign policy in the final months of Khrushchev's isolated one-man rule?

Following the Cuban missile showdown, Khrushchev was taking Soviet policy in new directions. Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adzhubei, who expected to replace Andrei Gromyko as Foreign Minister, played a key role. With Adzhubei smoothing the way for him a few weeks in advance, Khrushchev was scheduled—the date was published in Soviet newspapers—to go to Bonn for important meetings with Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, the first top-level Soviet visit to West Germany in the postwar period. Presumably, Khrushchev had been attempting to take the initiative away from those East European states which themselves were soon to embark on a policy of normalizing relations with the Federal Republic. Gaullist France, too, was to figure in this bridge-building and pan-European operation undertaken by the Kremlin under Khrushchev's leadership. But the operation, particularly the rapprochement with West Germany, was fraught with political dangers and liabilities. It was especially hazardous for Soviet relations with Poland, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia.

East Germany would have been necessarily slighted by any serious Moscow-Bonn détente. Undue strain would have been put on Moscow's relations with the Pankow régime headed by Walter Ulbricht; this in turn would have worked havoc with over-all COMECON collaboration and Soviet-bloc economic co-ordination, in which East Germany plays a key part. Another incident of the time illustrates how the hard-liners were working to undercut the détente. It is almost inconceivable that Khrushchev could have approved the attack on the West German embassy engineer Horst Schwirkmann in Zagorsk in the late summer of 1964, in view of his hopes and designs for a rapprochement with West Germany.

Wladyslaw Gomulka in Poland would also have been undercut by eliminating one of the main props legitimizing his régime and his heavy reliance upon Moscow: the alleged German threat and "virulent" German irredentism with respect to the German territories awarded to Poland under the Potsdam agreements.

Antonin Novotny in Czechoslovakia, which is an important arsenal for the Warsaw Pact, also stood to lose from a major Soviet-German rapprochement as well as from Khrushchev's general line of relaxation of tension.

KHRUSHCHEV's policy at the end of his rule was perhaps less concerned with Vietnam. This becomes clear when a number of events occurring in the immediate pre-October, 1964, period and relating to the Moscow-Peking-Hanoi triangle are ticked off:

¶ North Vietnam and the Vietcong sharply intensify the war; North Vietnamese regulars appear south of the 17th parallel in at least regimental strength (summer, 1964).

¶ Communist China opens a press campaign warning that it may intervene directly in Vietnam, and in any case will broaden its military assistance to the Communists in Vietnam; simultaneously, two Vietcong delegations go to Peking and are received by Chairman Mao (July, 1964).

¶ North Vietnam begins constructing defenses against possible air attacks (July, 1964).

¶ The Soviets reverse their previous position and call for a permanent U.N. peacekeeping force to exclude participation by the five permanent members of the Security Council (July, 1964).

¶ Laos reports new movements of North Vietnamese troops en route to South Vietnam (August, 1964).

¶ Gulf of Tonkin incident—the U.S. Defense Department reports North Vietnamese PT boats attack two U.S. destroyers in international waters; the U.S. makes retaliatory air strikes against North Vietnamese coastal installations (August, 1964).

¶ Soviet reaction to the Gulf of Tonkin incident displays a striking mildness and restraint (August-September, 1964).

¶ The U.N. Security Council is called into emergency session at U.S. request. Soviet representative Platon Morozov supports the Council's invitation to North Vietnam to join in the Council's discussion of the Tonkin incident; North Vietnam refuses the invitation, charging that the U.N. has no authority to discuss the matter—a rebuff to the Soviets (August, 1964).

¶ Communist China charges that the U.S.S.R. should have opposed the U.N. invitation; reiterates its accusation of "Soviet revisionism" (August, 1964).

¶ The Soviet press accuses China of being hostile to peace and *of trying to push Russia into war in the Far East* (August, 1964).

The Defense Argument

Consider, too, several pertinent Soviet *domestic* developments during the period. Some of them are closely related to Khrushchev's position of restraint with respect to the Vietnam conflict.

At home, in his final months in power, Khrushchev from time to time stated that Soviet defense capability was "presently at a satisfactory level." In fact, the First Secretary, on his own, went ahead and convened a sort of latter-day "Council of the Boyars," a rump conference made up of provincial party secretaries and a small group of hand-picked central bureaucrats. In so doing, Khrushchev had recklessly bypassed his powerful colleagues on the party Presidium and the Central Committee, as he had done on more than one occasion.

The gist of the meeting, which took place in early September, was summarized in a delayed and strangely worded paraphrased version published in the Soviet press several weeks later. The important paragraph was:

"If in the period of the first Five-Year Plans and postwar years we put the main emphasis on the development of heavy industry as the basis for the development of the national economy and the strengthening of the nation's defense capability, now that we have a powerful industry,

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when the defense of the country is at a satisfactory level, the party sets the task for more rapid development of the branches of industry producing consumer goods."

But the foundations under Khrushchev were shaking. Accompanying these Khrushchev proposals to favor consumers rather than the "metal eaters" (his epithet) was an ominous rumble of offstage cannon: the sober-toned August-September, 1964, debates printed openly in the pages of the military press (whose editorial policy was evidently never thoroughly in Khrushchev's hands). The line taken by the prevailing side in the debates struck a contrast to the theses promulgated by Khrushchev at the rump conference.

A group of marshals, generals, and admirals began to revive the argument, dormant since the Cuban missile crisis, that non-nuclear "local wars" (including "wars of national liberation," a description given currency by Khrushchev himself) were feasible—and safe—even under contemporary conditions with the possible consequent outbreak of thermonuclear warfare on a world scale.

The argument, propounded by men who hoped for eventual increases in military appropriations and the influence accompanying them, held that the danger of a thermonuclear Third World War was precluded by the mutual deterrence operating between the two great powers. (Almost on the day Khrushchev was overthrown, China exploded its first atomic device—a fact which, if known to the military before the detonation at Lop Nor, must have buttressed their argument within the Kremlin.) This mutual deterrence provided a kind of protective umbrella under which local wars could find limited application.

One of the most outspoken proponents of this "genuinely Leninist" and decidedly more reckless view was Marshal V. D. Sokolovsky. In his work, *Voennaya Strategiya* ("Military Strategy"), first published in 1962 just before the Cuban missile adventure, the marshal had made this statement: "Special attention should be given to the study of the ways in which local wars may take place and which aggressor states of the past have employed to improve their armed forces." But when the second edition of the book appeared in 1963, the militancy had been toned down; the same moderation characterized most of the military writing through 1963 and until late 1964. Then, in the fall of 1964, the adventurists' argument suddenly reappeared in the pages of the daily *Red Star,* the monthly *Military Thought,* and other military publications.

WHO, one might well ask, condoned this abrupt revival of the discussion of a more reckless military strategy? Was the phenomenon symptomatic of Khrushchev's waning authority among certain influential circles in the Soviet hierarchy? Some western observers thought so at the time, in the midst of the then prevailing western opinion that Khrushchev's position had never been more secure.

The essence of the revived Sokolovsky argument amounted to this:

¶ Soviet armed forces were *not* at a satisfactory level.

¶ The Soviet Union must develop an up-to-date flexible-response strategy necessitating large expenditures on all branches of the service (not only the glamorous missile forces) and including especially the navy.

¶ Local wars do not necessarily grow into world war.

¶ Wars of national liberation are not excluded by the concept of peaceful coexistence.

Behind these new theses was the latent reprisal to be wreaked on Khrushchev by the military. At various times, the First Secretary had threatened to trim expenditures on defense and the size of military forces, and had even retired thousands of officers. This was a bitter pill, and not only for the military. It also trod on the interests of another powerful vested-interest bloc in the Kremlin: the heavy-industry and defense-industry bureaucracy.

By the time Khrushchev's theses had been promulgated at the rump meeting, this bloc of interests, controlling the largest segment of investments, plant, and equipment in the whole national economy, must have been eager to strike. Indeed, it became abundantly clear in the months following Khrushchev's overthrow that this very group steadily improved its position in the Kremlin. It was they who expanded their membership on the Central Committee and who acquired many of the new ministerial posts, including several of the Deputy Premierships on the Soviet Council of Ministers. Secretary General Brezhnev himself, incidentally, qualified as one of the most notorious of "metal eaters," having worked much of his career in metallurgy and for a time as political commissar of the Soviet Navy.

The China Problem

After mid-October, 1964, the party line began to reveal some significant and portentous changes, all in the direction of a harder position. Anti-U.S. propaganda was stepped up almost immediately. Special attention was given one of the "October Slogans" published a few days after the coup: "People of the whole world! Remain vigilant, expose the plots of the imperialist warmongers!" The term "warmongers" was rarely if ever used in the editorial columns of the party press after the fall of 1962. But now, on October 21, 1964, it was appearing in boldface in the front-page editorial column of *Pravda.* Especially noticeable was the change in the treatment of Vietnam. Not only had the party line changed *before* the Vietcong sneak attacks against the Pleiku installations and Qui Nhon and the initiation of U.S. bomber attacks on North Vietnam in February, 1965. It also appears obvious that still earlier the Soviets had made strong overtures to Ho Chi Minh to arrange stepped-up Soviet military assistance. This trend actually surfaced early in 1965. To cite one example, the National Liberation Front opened its first mission on Soviet soil that January 23.

An even earlier hint of things to come followed the November, 1964,

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talks in Moscow between Chou En-lai's Chinese delegation and the Soviet delegation headed by Brezhnev. The discussions had ended within a week following the November 7 October Revolution commemoration. The communiqué on these Sino-Soviet talks contained the telltale phrase "frank and comradely," with "frank" being Communist Aesopian language for disagreement. Indeed, the Chinese immediately thereafter resumed their anti-Soviet polemics with the ferocity of the Khrushchev days. Just what the new Soviet leaders had discussed with the Chinese remains as big a secret as the talks between Kosygin and Mao in Peking in February, 1965. But it seems reasonable to assume that the Soviets informed Chou that thenceforth the Russians intended to fulfill their "international duty" with respect to "heroic Vietnam."

To the Chinese this could only have meant a stronger Soviet presence in Hanoi. To the Russians it meant Soviet outclassing of the Chinese in demonstrating loyalty to Communist internationalism and rendering tangible "fraternal assistance"; clearly, the Soviets would have much more sophisticated hardware to offer the Vietnamese Communists than would China. For the Russians it also meant deflecting Chinese attention to China's southern border and away from its five-thousand-mile northern frontier. Moreover, Soviet escalation in Vietnam, especially the addition of SAMs, would predictably incur U.S. escalation. Together the Russians and the Americans would deter the Chinese from further expansion (both political and military) in Southeast Asia, but with the Americans bearing the brunt of the deterring—the Soviet "proxy" device. Of course, the Soviets counted on strictly limited and "rational" mutual escalation with the United States. They have not been disappointed in their expectation.

By late 1965, the following authoritative statement appeared in the first paragraph of the Suslov-edited "International Communist Duty Manifesto" issued in Moscow: "The forces of Socialism are waging an active offensive against the positions held by imperialism." The phrase "active offensive" epitomized the change in Soviet foreign policy that was initiated immediately after Khrushchev's overthrow and the simultaneous overthrow of his version of peaceful coexistence. Even at the time Premier Kosygin made his visits to Hanoi, Peking, and Pyongyang in February, 1965, it should have been obvious that U.S. bombing of the outskirts of Hanoi, with or without the physical presence of Kosygin in the city, was after the fact, a mere reverberation of some additional bars of percussion lent to a score already orchestrated in Moscow.

As MENTIONED EARLIER, a key factor, perhaps the most crucial one, influencing the change in Soviet policy toward Vietnam after 1964 and the overthrow of Khrushchev related to the problem of faltering Communist unity in what is referred to somewhat exaggeratedly as the Communist world.

Unfortunately for the Kremlin quadrumvirate, the rally around

Vietnam policy emanating from Moscow has had very little effect on Communist unity, either in Eastern Europe or in the world as a whole, since 1964. A test of sorts was provided by the Budapest Preparatory Conference of Communist Parties held at the end of February this year. Many key party apparatuses were unrepresented. Moreover, the conspicuous absence of the pivotal parties of the Far East must have been particularly painful to Moscow. The North Vietnamese and North Koreans (the latter unplacated by Soviet support in the *Pueblo* incident) were among the missing. So were the Japanese Communists, whom the Russians had tried desperately to win over. Just three weeks before the conference, a high-ranking Soviet party delegation spent a week in Tokyo, with Mikhail Suslov and Boris Ponomarev, two Soviet party secretaries and leading "internationalist" hawks in the Kremlin, heading the Soviet missionaries.

Still another recent development sheds light on the latest Soviet attitude toward U.S.-Soviet détente. A revealing article appeared late this January in *Za Rubezhom* ("Abroad") under the byline of its chief editor, Daniil Kraminov, a reputed Suslov follower and one of the secretaries of the Union of Journalists. In his two-thousand-word piece, which went into the delicate matter of U.S.-Soviet relations and President Johnson's allusion to them in his State of the Union message, Kraminov wrote:

"Any truly 'important steps' toward international co-operation have still not been made and, in fact, are being frustrated deliberately by Washington. . . . Washington's sweet words about U.S.-Soviet relations give the undeniable impression that they are being exploited for other purposes. . . . They are serving the interests of the anti-Soviet propagandists of the Peking splitters, Trotskyites, and renegades of various countries. Moreover, the reference in Johnson's address to the 'Hot Line between Washington and Moscow' is grist for the mill of clever propagandists. The Hot Line, which was established in order to keep events from reaching tragic extremes, is now being exploited by American propaganda for anti-Soviet purposes."

Neither, it might be added, was the Hot Line established for the purpose of a revived anti-U.S. propaganda campaign by Soviet media.

Both the Hot Line and the touted détente between Russia and the United States manage somehow to maintain a tenuous existence. But the period of relative thaw that produced them ended abruptly in October, 1964, and in the chilly climate that has since prevailed, it is not likely to be revived.

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The Defense of Saigon

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

AT A TIME when some of his peers were still having difficulty in differentiating between the apparent withering away of the Vietcong and its tactically expedient breakdown into company-sized and smaller units, Lieutenant General Frederick Weyand, whose Second Field Force Command includes the Capital Military District of Saigon and eleven surrounding provinces, was making a highly professional military estimate of a rapidly changing situation. "Until last November the enemy had fragmented his units down to twenty to thirty men in a company in an attempt to avoid our sweeps and B-52 strikes," he told an interviewer on January 11. "Two months ago there was a marked change. On orders from COSVN [the Central Office for South Vietnam, enemy headquarters in the south], they began merging into mass formations. A word-of-mouth campaign is under way telling people that any coalition government which includes the Vietcong will be Vietcong-controlled. Vietcong prisoners around Saigon are saying that the Vietcong battalions are getting North Vietnamese replacements to puff them up. They're getting a lot of new weapons."

To the fifty-two-year-old intelligence specialist, who first served in the Burma-China-India theatre during the Second World War, all the indicators pointed to an attack on Saigon. "You could make a case for putting companies in eighty or so critical target areas around the city," he said at the time.

The general's pre-Tet redeployment stopped short of such extreme measures, but fortunately for the security of all concerned, he moved elements of the 199th Light Infantry Brigade from the frontier area closer to Saigon, pulled out two battalions from their base in Phuoc Tuy Province to form a reconnaissance screen east of Bien Hoa airbase, and put artillery into Saigon in support of South Vietnamese and U.S. units.

Although he saw no reason to be alarmed by the outcome of the Tet offensive in the Second Field Force Area and lost little time in trying to recover the initiative with Operation Quyet Thang ("Determined to Win"), the biggest co-ordinated allied action of the war, the general continued to sound a note of warning as the main American concentration increasingly became centered on the North Vietnamese threat to Quang Tri and Thua Thien Provinces. "Lose Khe Sanh and the two northern provinces and I wouldn't consider it a disaster," he said. "Lose Saigon and you've lost the war."

The Vulnerable Capital

But how, and by what means, can Saigon be held? Is it, in fact, defensible? Vietcong trucks loaded with rockets and a multiplicity of other weapons have been driving through Cambodia to the Hau Nghia provincial border and unloading into sampans. President Nguyen Van Thieu has spoken of an enemy tank force fifty miles from Saigon. Two Vietcong divisions, reinforced with North Vietnamese regulars, and one full North Vietnamese division marched out of their base areas for the Tet assault, and, at least until the eve of Operation Quyet Thang on March 11, seemed determined to hold their ground close to the city limits. Another four Vietcong battalions have invested My Tho, the gateway to the Mekong Delta, and Route 4, along which essential foodstuffs must come to the city during only a few hours a day. From one of the taller buildings in the center of the city, it was possible at night in February to watch the course of an enemy rocket from firing pad to detonation point at Tan Son Nhut Airport. Police report that Vietcong assassination and sapper companies are building up in and around the city. The Vietcong have begun an intensive recruiting campaign in the hamlets to replace their heavy losses, and their agents, equipped with identity cards, move freely in and out of the city.

Nor is this the end of the catalogue. At first glance, the apparently open terrain around Saigon seems relatively easy to defend. It is, on the contrary, almost uniquely suited to the clandestine activities of the enemy. Only forty roads lead into the city, but there are myriad minor waterways that are not policed and cannot be. The base itself is anything but firm. Saigon has grown in population from half a million in 1945 to about three million today. The Capital Military District, which includes Gia Dinh and overlaps slightly into the provinces of Bien Hoa, Binh Duong, Hau Nghia, and Long An, contains some five and a half million people, or thirty-eight per cent of the total population of South Vietnam. Many of the newcomers to the Capital Military District are refugees who have squatted and festered around the outskirts of Saigon and in Gia Dinh, a breeding ground for disease and for Vietcong.

By and large, the police per-

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formed bravely during Tet, but they are grossly underpaid and corruptible. The price of turning a blind eye is no more than five hundred piastres—cheap at the price when guns and explosives can be concealed under loads of pineapples and pigs, as they were during Tet. The Special Branch lacks professionalism and is too small. Though the war has gone on for more than eight years, no one bothered in the past about civil defense. Finally, there is the lack of a single unified command, which has been, and seems likely to remain, a major allied weakness not only in the defense of Saigon but in the prosecution of the war.

By General Weyand's reckoning, it would take three divisions of troops to secure Saigon, excluding the all-important enveloping province of Gia Dinh and the rest of the Capital Military District. To tie up the three U.S. divisions in the Second Field Force with their tremendous firepower and mobility in such a defensive posture would, of course, be an exercise in military futility. Whether the not so well-equipped South Vietnamese Army troops might gainfully be employed in this way may be hypothetically debatable. But in fact, for political (i.e., countercoup) reasons, only certain South Vietnamese forces may be used to garrison the city. The equivalent of three divisions would absorb the entire strategic elite of rangers, marines, and airborne, about a third of which are now in Saigon or assigned to ferreting out some of the six battalions of regional Vietcong groups that have burrowed their way into the countryside of Gia Dinh.

As it is now shaping up, Saigon's defense is flexible and mobile. Helped by the curfew, which has taken much of the strain and tensions off the night watches, sixteen thousand national police have primary responsibility in the inner ring of the city and urban Gia Dinh. Moving out from the center of the target area are the South Vietnamese elites. Beyond the city limits, sometimes moving into Gia Dinh but usually staying in the surrounding provinces, are elements of three U.S. and two South Vietnamese divisions.

In principle, the South Vietnamese rangers and others sweeping outward hoped to push the Vietcong into the arms of the American and regular South Vietnamese divisions sweeping in. This conventional hammer-and-anvil tactic has been used many times before in this war with little success. Judged perhaps prematurely by its opening days, the Quyet Thang operation is no exception. The threat to Saigon has been blunted and perhaps postponed, but not eliminated.

Earlier operations were a better guide to the Vietcong's potentiality in the Saigon region. In an area of no more than twenty-five square miles north and west of Saigon and within ten miles of the center of the city, the U.S. 25th Division, under the command of Major General Fillmore Mearns, was in action against no less than thirteen, and probably fifteen, indigenous Vietcong and North Vietnamese battalions between the end of January and the beginning of Operation Quyet Thang, killing an average of about a hundred of the enemy every day. Yet despite the ferocity of some of these actions and their obviously heavy losses, the Vietcong held their ground until it became apparent that a large-scale attempt was being prepared to trap them. Some units, including the 101st North Vietnamese Regiment and the 88th North Vietnamese Regiment, had never before ventured out of their main-base areas in the maquis. The U.S. 25th Division had the 101st plotted eight miles north of the city, near the village of Lai Thieu, and the 88th was even closer, though their whereabouts immediately thereafter was one of the war's many mysteries.

Vietcong on the Move

The march on Saigon began as early as January 21, when the 272nd Regiment of the 9th Vietcong Division left the Cambodian border area. It passed through the maquis, crossed the Saigon River by sampans on the night of January 28-29, and moved into a forest area north of Saigon known to the Americans as the Hobo Woods. Close on its heels came the 271st Regiment of the same division. While the 272nd was busy settling into two village areas east and southeast of Cu Chi, eighteen miles from Saigon, the 271st moved to within three miles of the city and attacked Tan Son Nhut Airport.

The 274th and 275th Regiments

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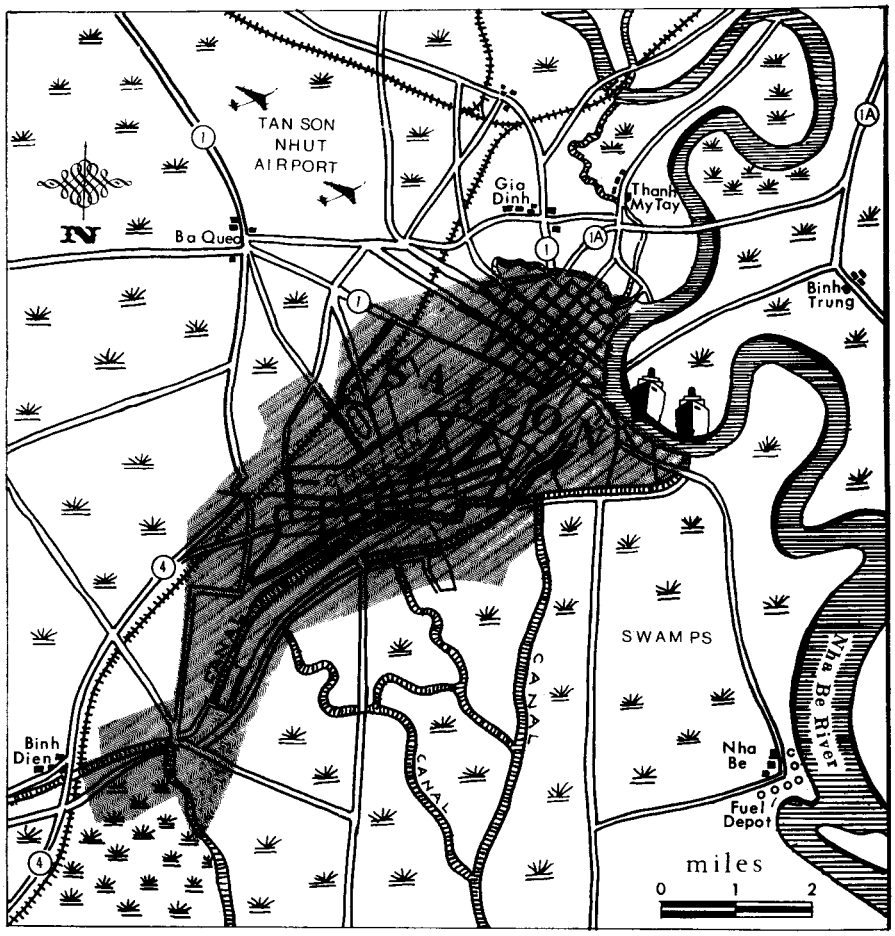
of the 5th Vietcong Division closed in on Bien Hoa from the east, the 165th and 101st regiments of the 7th North Vietnamese Division moved from the north, and three local Vietcong battalions approached from the south.

The initial attacks were characterized by several notable weaknesses. In order to preserve maximum secrecy and surprise, they were less carefully rehearsed than usual. The targets were too numerous, the attack forces too small, and the spearhead of recently recruited troops lacked the will and vigor needed to achieve a full breakthrough. The idea of capturing the South Vietnamese tank compound at Thu Duc and manning the tanks with well-trained crews was sound, but the force committed was too weak to have any chance of success. Another group with a mission to attack the Second Field Force headquarters became lost in the maze of American installations.

More important than the initial failures, however, is North Vietnamese General Vo Nguyen Giap's obvious intention to resume the offensive. Indeed, until late in February when orders reached the divisions to conserve manpower and ammunition, both the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese were more than willing to accept action on unequal terms.

After slaughtering at least half of the two-battalion force that attacked Tan Son Nhut on January 31, the 25th Division fought a series of heavy actions with the 272nd Regiment around the town of Tan Phung Trung, where the Vietcong forces tried to cut Highway 1 linking Cu Chi with Saigon.



In the sun-baked rice fields, the peasants went about harvesting the grain while the battle demolished their homes and hamlets. By night the Vietcong piled up heaps of debris on the road to block the traffic and entrenched themselves in the villages. By day the Americans attacked. Only the scorched earth and the blackened remains of knocked-out American tanks mark the scene of the fighting now. "This was Second World War fighting," said General Mearns as we flew over the battlefield in a helicopter.

Forty-five miles to the southeast of Cu Chi, a reinforced regiment of Vietcong, consisting of the 261st, 261A, 262nd, and 267th Battalions, attacked and invested My Tho. Their role: to close Route 4.

Ever since, five battalions of the U.S. 9th Division have been locked in action here with the Vietcong. "It is a struggle of wills," said Brigadier General William Knowlton, Deputy Divisional Commander. "Their will is to close Route 4. Ours it to keep it open."

Honors are about even. The 9th sends out ambush patrols at night to attack the Vietcong sabotage squads whose task is to lay mines and blow culverts. The patrols are having some success. Manpower is the main lack; there are just not enough men to do the job. How long the road is open varies from day to day. One day early in March, teams from the 9th had repaired four blown culverts and lifted the mines by noon. Traffic had been flowing for only three hours, however, when the Vietcong attacked, closing the road again.

Late in the afternoon, as I flew back to Saigon, I could see that the traffic, such as it was, had begun to move again—just a bus or two and an occasional truck, nothing compared with the pre-Tet volume. What used to be a one-day journey to Saigon from the southern Delta has become, at best, a hazardous two-day trip. Pigs and fish, in particular, do not carry well for more than one day and the truckers and merchants have little inclination to risk a journey that may end in heaven or in a Vietcong impressed-labor battalion. Once, truck and bus operators bought immunity when they paid their taxes at Vietcong collection points; now, no one is safe. Just outside My Tho one day, the Vietcong stopped two busses, dragged off all men of military age, seized the identification cards of the other passengers, and then set fire to the busses.

The Shifting Tides

If the mission of the Vietcong forces in the south is to attempt to blockade Saigon by depriving it of food,

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that of the regular forces, both North Vietnamese and indigenous Vietcong in the west and north, is to launch the main attack. From the west come the rockets, the reinforcements, and the new supplies from Cambodia. Other routes lead from the major Vietcong bases in the Maquis D and C to the Saigon area, where the Vietcong are helped uniquely by the unusual tidal characteristics of the Saigon River.

Although Saigon is about thirty miles in a direct line from the sea and much farther by river or road, the Saigon River is tidal for many miles above the city. At times the rise and fall is as much as six feet. The salt water coming in from the sea backs up the fresh water around Saigon, which explains not only the magnificent irrigation system in the orchards and vegetable gardens that draw their water from the serpentine coils and tributaries of the river around the city but also much of the Vietcong's covert success in this region.

IT IS POSSIBLE to move from the sea to Saigon by unpatrolled canals without appearing on the main river itself, except perhaps to cross it. From the north, the approach by land and water offers even better opportunities for concealment. The Vietcong's main route from the Maquis D leads through the Michelin rubber plantations to the Iron Triangle and the Hobo Woods and from there along the west bank of the Saigon River through a lacework of canals and irrigation ditches.

When the tide is in, the Saigon River rises and fresh water flows through dikes about eight feet wide and is reticulated into smaller channels that irrigate rows of papaya and banana and dense crops of sugar cane. The soil is rich, the water abundant, the sun hot; and, since Saigon is close by, fertilizers are readily available. The net result is one of the richest and most closely cultivated pieces of farmland in the world.

What better place, also, for the Vietcong to go about their business? Months ago, political friends in Gia Dinh spoke with some alarm of growing hostility in this area; they were warned off when they wanted to visit during the national elections. The reasons are now clear. The Vietcong came by sampan with their guns and rockets, fortified the sides of the innumerable dikes, and set up rocket-fire control headquarters in a Buddhist temple long used as a meeting place for dissident monks in their contacts with the National Liberation Front.

UNTIL TET, there was little to disturb these activities. The Vietnamese Navy maintained routine patrols in heavily armored craft along the main waterways but made little contact in the general Saigon area. What happened in the smaller canals and irrigation channels no one knows. These were navigable only by the smallest boats, which could not pack enough men to deal even with local-force Vietcong ambushes. What they could not cope with, they did not trouble.

Since Tet, there has been a seventy-five per cent increase in river patrols. No doubt this has helped to discourage the Vietcong from more adventurous daylight activities, and at night naval craft and the Air Force open fire on all sampans and other craft caught breaking the curfew. The problem of coping with the innumerable minor canals and the thousands of irrigation ditches remains, however, and once again the primary role has fallen to the ground forces. The South Vietnamese are sweeping the west bank of the Saigon River and north to the Hoc Mon District, where the U.S. 25th Division has moved three battalions into the rocket belt. The task is slow and agonizing. To be incautious or impatient is to die, as one 25th Division company discovered to its bitter cost on March 2 when it marched along a road that it had swept the previous day. The Vietcong were waiting, two hundred strong, with claymore mines, bazookas, and rocket launchers. They killed forty-eight Americans and wounded another twenty-eight.

A common weakness on the part of both South Vietnamese and American forces has been in night patrolling. Too often in the past the Americans have relied on firepower as a substitute for the more refined military arts, and the South Vietnamese like to go home at night. Recently, however, the 25th Division has had its best successes with carefully laid night ambushes. The troops infiltrate early in the morning, take up their positions quietly among the irrigation channels, and wait.

A rocket team consists of six men who can set up a launcher and lay it accurately in about ninety minutes. This is usually a daytime activity, and unless the locals working in the fields are co-operative and willing to talk, which is often too much to expect of an area that has been under Vietcong control for months, it is not easy to detect. The rockets and launchers are easily camouflaged, and it is difficult to distinguish between the legitimate orchardist and the Vietcong. After curfew, however, anything that moves is a target. Aircraft on watch around the clock shower flares over the Saigon River and adjacent fields, lighting up the landscape for the Americans waiting in ambush.

It is easy enough, however, for the Vietcong to move under cover of the palm trees on the side of the river and the foliage overhanging the smaller channels. Usually, the rocket crews come in at about the last light. They can move in, fire their rockets, and be on their way again, if need be, in twenty minutes. In this sort of country, it is impossible to prevent the sneak attack. Tan Son Nhut and other primary targets will continue to be harassed so long as the Vietcong believe that the effort is worthwhile. But for a major assault involving a co-ordinated barrage fired in brackets of six rounds from three to five positions and designed to land anything from thirty to forty rounds in the target area in a few seconds, new launching areas will have to be found. It never pays to underestimate Vietcong capability, but at least the 25th Division has no reason to be displeased with results to date.

In the Balance

The real test will come with the monsoon rains late this month. Flooded rice fields and overcast skies will reduce American mobility and surveillance capability. The rocket threat may become more serious. Vietcong ground forces will find it easier to concentrate without detec-

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tion. A force of company or even battalion size would have little difficulty in forcing its way into Saigon even now, but its life expectancy would be short.

Forces of regimental or even divisional size might also succeed in breaking through, but against this type of attack the American and South Vietnamese defenses are much stronger and in a much higher state of readiness than they were before Tet, though no one, unfortunately, seems to have realized that there are better means of street fighting than the massive use of firepower.

On the Vietcong and North Vietnamese side, it is doubtful whether the press-gang methods they have used in the countryside to fill their depleted ranks have restored the regular and regional forces qualitatively to their pre-Tet level of fighting ability. I am inclined to believe that a very high proportion of the enemy losses during February were raw recruits—hewers of wood and carriers of water who were dragged unwillingly from their villages and thrust into battle either as combatants or as porters and stretcher bearers. Even if fifty per cent of the losses came from this category, however, and the casualty figures were inflated, as some province chiefs privately suggest, the main forces undoubtedly suffered a heavy blow.

Although President Thieu's Cambodian tank threat, if it truly exists, can scarcely be regarded as a direct menace to Saigon, it would be serious if tanks were suddenly committed in the western provinces against the Regional and Popular Forces, which are already outgunned not only by main-force units but by village guerrillas. And this, in turn, would expose the U.S. and South Vietnamese rear if Giap has any further surprises in the way of additional regiments, or even a division, in Cambodia. "I don't think we can exaggerate the importance of Cambodia to the enemy," is the view of a staff officer, who nevertheless believes that the tanks that appeared inside the Vietnam border in February were straying Cambodians, not probing Vietcong.

Another factor to be considered in the defense of Saigon is the changed nature of the war. Some Saigon residents and thousands from outlying areas who were visiting their families for Tet have been seized and thrust into the front lines by the Vietcong as ammunition porters and stretcher bearers. Thus, the Vietcong's battle for hearts and minds has been forgotten. Some hamlets and villages have been stripped of all men and women between the ages of thirty-five and fifty, and, of course, of all able-bodied young men, including fourteen-year-olds. The girls have been mobilized into singing and dancing squads and to make NLF flags and to embroider towels (which troops like to wear around their heads) with such inscriptions as "Spring-Summer Offensive, Complete Victory."

Truong Chinh, Hanoi's principal theorist, whose formula for the Tet

offensive was followed meticulously, is specific on the need to adopt a scorched-earth policy: "to raze the towns and cities, to set ablaze the quarters and storehouses of the enemy and our own houses as well." In other words, if Saigon cannot be captured, the Vietcong may hope to see it destroyed in the Hué manner. Several of the minor second round of attacks on the towns in mid-February, including that against the provincial capital of Bac Lieu, where the Vietcong burned down nearly a thousand homes with Molotov cocktails, were in direct reprisal against the population for its failure to support the attackers during Tet.

Given the nature of the enemy, his capacity for surprise, his willingness to squander his forces recklessly in the pursuit of major goals, and the tactical advantages that will come with the monsoons, Saigon obviously cannot be regarded as immune from attack. It must expect to be hit. Giap is not keeping his main forces so close to the city and exposing them to such losses only to conduct a war of nerves, though this is part of it. This is a real war, and Saigon is in the middle of it. Moreover, even COSVN in its official reports to Hanoi appears to have given such highly colored and exaggerated accounts of its initial victories that Hanoi may well feel, however misguidedly, that another major push is all the situation needs.

It is not likely to succeed. Even with the handicaps resulting from the lack of a unified command and the paucity of intelligence from a fearful population on the city outskirts, the allied military have the means to cope with the major threat. On lower levels of Vietcong activity, however, the situation is much less reassuring. The military report that the Vietcong come and go at will in the city, a conclusion with which senior police officials reluctantly agree. Yet even to prepare the ground for effective internal control would need a major housecleaning in the police force and substantial pay increases for the man on the beat, which no one seems likely to consider.

Wandering one day through one of the city's half dozen self-defense areas, where the inhabitants raised their own funds to buy barbed wire, armed themselves with bamboo staves, bayonets, and knives, and reestablished Diem's interfamily system of watching and reporting, I met a young man who seemed to be the moving spirit in the enterprise. He wanted to become a police officer but the fee for admission, which had to be paid to Major Nguyen Hoang Chuong, head of personnel and management in the national police, was beyond his means.

On the following day I checked with a senior Vietnamese official who has close and high-level associations with the police. I asked him about Major Chuong. "He is the worst man in the entire police force," he said. "To join the police you have to pay him anything up to a hundred thousand piastres." So a policeman is corrupted before he dons his uniform. Having paid out so much to join the force, he has to recoup. The Vietcong have money, and Saigon is less secure than it ought to be.

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Drawing the Line On Draft Evasion

HARRIET DOUTY

THE SERIES of anti-Vietnam demonstrations scheduled to take place in New York, Washington, and other cities this month will be different in nature and intent from the peaceable protest march held in New York last April. In the intervening year, the active emphasis of the peace movement has shifted to draft resistance. This time, many participants will be deliberately violating Federal law, and the Federal government, with its indictment of Dr. Benjamin Spock and others, has served notice that such activities do not come under the heading of lawful protest.

At a press conference before the onset of Stop the Draft Week No. 2 (December 4-8, 1967), Dr. Spock noted that although he and others were clearly violating the Selective Service Act, ". . . the Government is not likely to prosecute us. Its bankruptcy in the moral sense is proved by its refusal to move against those of us who have placed ourselves between the young people and the draft."

Just over a month later, Dr. Spock, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr. (who in October had also challenged the government to arrest him), Marcus Raskin, Mitchell Goodman, and Michael Ferber were indicted by a grand jury in Boston for conspiring to violate that section of the Selective Service Act which makes it illegal to counsel, aid, or abet others to violate the act. Behind the indictment was a special unit of the Justice Department's Criminal Division that had been set up in December "to coordinate prompt prosecutions of offenses against the Selective Service laws and related statutes." "Related statutes" refers primarily to the Espionage Act of 1917, which among other things makes it illegal to interfere with recruitment and enlistment activities.

Crossing the Line

In establishing this unit, the Justice Department was acknowledging the changing nature of anti-draft and anti-war activity. Heretofore, violations of the Selective Service Act had usually involved *personal* acts affecting a single individual's status with Selective Service. These include not only the dramatic protest of draft-card burning but a variety of other personal violations: refusal on the part of a conscientious objector to report for alternate service; failure to register with Selective Service or refusal to step forward when formally inducted; draft dodging by disappearing into the hippie community. Convictions for violations of the Selective Service Act rose from 272 in 1965, to 536 in 1966, to 952 in 1967, but most were for willful evasions of this sort.

The rising figures thus do not reflect the fact that an increasing number of people are engaged in illegal activities which affect the status of *others* or which interfere with the induction and enlistment effort, and that this activity is organized, frequently taking the form of mass action. Actions of this sort include counseling, aiding, or abetting others to become non-registrants, to emigrate in order to avoid military service, to turn in, burn, or mutilate draft cards, or to obstruct the processes of induction or recruitment, as well as the committing of these things oneself.

Accordingly, although the new unit will continue to prosecute willful evasions, it was set up specifically to prosecute aiding-and-abetting cases and to prosecute in Federal courts flagrant examples of obstructing induction or recruitment processes. The Spock case is the first of its kind in more than ten years, and much is riding on its outcome. The defendants expect it to work its way up to the Supreme Court. Less important obstructive activity in violation of local ordinances—disorderly conduct, refusal to disperse, etc.—the Justice Department will leave to be handled by local officials, lest it appear that the Federal government is involved in a major crackdown.

Draft resisters—and the term is used here to cover the variety of organizations and individuals who are working in one way or another to undercut the effectiveness of the Selective Service System—feel that the government is involved in a major effort "to stifle dissent, a warning to intellectuals," as one of those indicted with Dr. Spock put it. Some resisters had been predicting a crackdown as early as November. They cited the fact that it took the government six months to indict those who had burned their draft cards at last spring's peace march in New York and only three weeks to indict those who had turned in their draft cards last October during the first Stop the Draft Week demonstrations. Even allowing for the difficulty in

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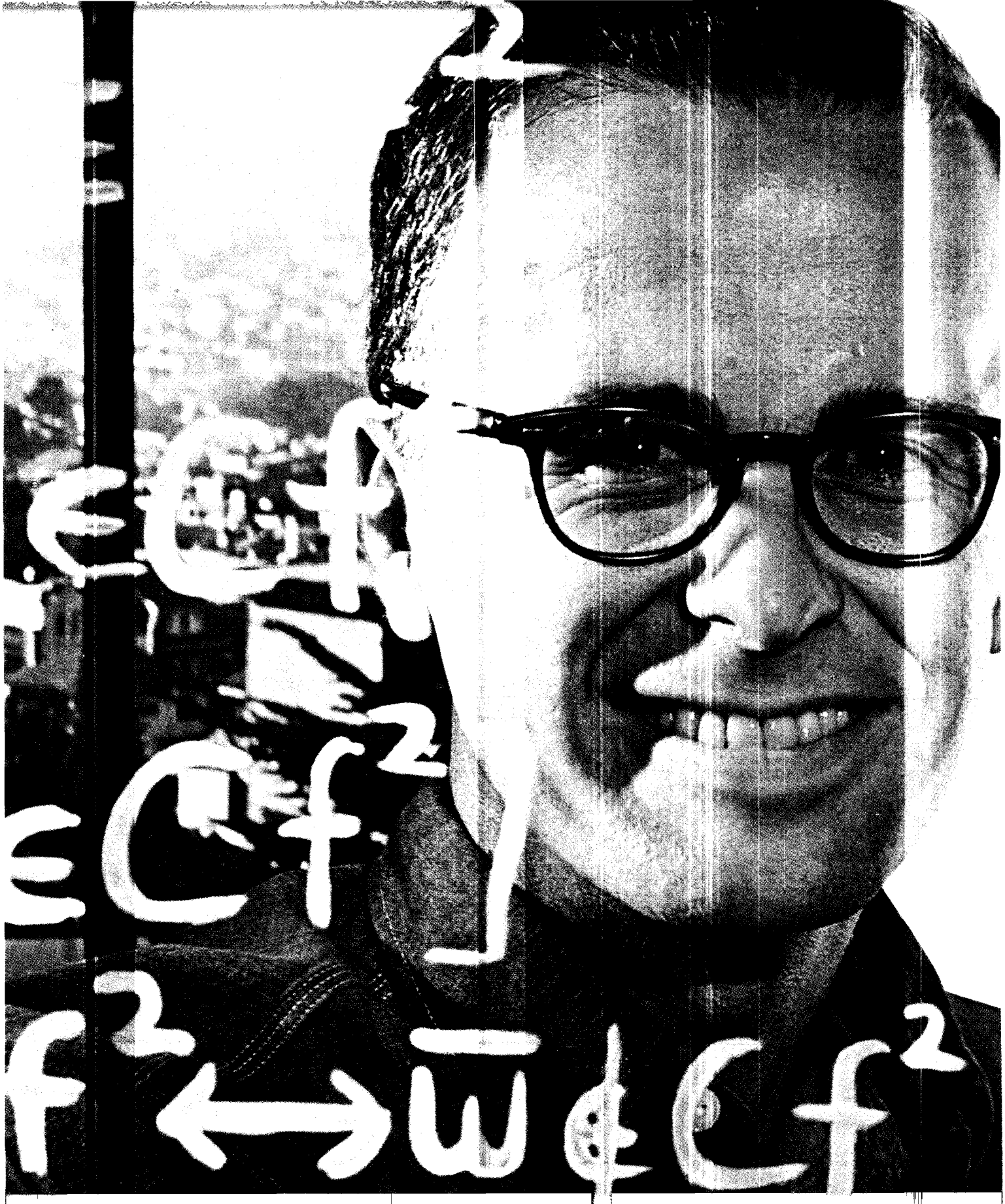

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Meet an elder statesman in the computer business.

IBM's John Backus is 43, pretty young for an elder statesman in most industries. But then, the computer business is less than 20 years old. And mathematician Backus has been in it since the beginning.

He started working with computers in the early 1950's. It was about the time a leading business magazine estimated that no more than 50 companies would ever have use for a computer.

Today, it is estimated that there are well over 50,000 computer installations in the United States alone. Part of the reason for this astonishing growth: the progress made in programming. In this field, John Backus was a pioneer.

"It bothered us, in the early days of computers, that so few people could use them," he says. "One reason was, programming cost as much as the machine. A small company just couldn't afford data processing."

With a small group of associates, John Backus tackled the problem and stayed with it for three years. The result was the simplified programming system called FORTRAN (FORmula TRANslator) which made programming considerably less expensive than before. Today, FORTRAN is probably the most widely used programming system in the world.

Currently, John Backus is working on a new mathematical concept which is still in the realm of pure theory. But his theories, like the work of many IBM scientists, ultimately have a way of making computers more useful.

From a beginning less than two decades ago, computer technology has made remarkable progress. John Backus is one of many outstanding men and women in the industry who have turned a laboratory marvel into tens of thousands of computers helping people around the world.

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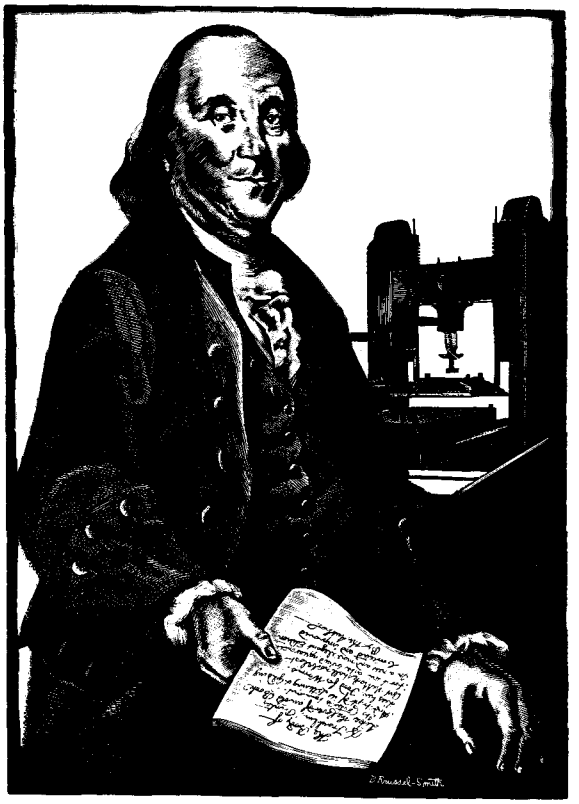
"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury... BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy*; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer*.

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance*.

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after*, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds*.'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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getting evidence of a burning, as opposed to a turning in, the record seemed to indicate that Justice Department machinery was suddenly operating more efficiently.

What most resisters apparently did not realize was that the *forms* of anti-draft protest had shifted sharply in October and that the thin line separating legality from illegality had been crossed. In some cases, it clearly was crossed with the intention of forcing court tests into the glare of publicity. Other dissenters, in the heat of action and in view of what seemed a reluctance on the part of the government to act, probably crossed it unknowingly. To understand how this came about, it is necessary to review the rapid evolution of the draft-resistance movement through three distinct phases.

ACTIVITIES against the draft before December, 1966, were sporadic and personal. They included a number of draft-card burnings and flights to Canada. A handful of "We Won't Go" statements was circulated and signed on college campuses. When the draft was attacked, it was for its discrimination against the poor, not as an instrument of foreign policy. Students demonstrated variously against student deferment and testing and against colleges' furnishing class rankings to draft-board officials. Selective Service laws were under reexamination and students wanted a voice in how they were to be revised.

December, 1966, marked the first national anti-draft conference. Held in Chicago, the conference attracted leaders in the anti-war movement—Professor Staughton Lynd, the Reverend James Bevel of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Arlo Tatum, director of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, and Jeff Segal, then co-ordinator for draft resistance of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). Although most of the speeches were directed against the general ills of a militaristic society, an important point did emerge: if there was to be an effective draft-resistance movement, it must be organized and be committed to some form of non-co-operation.

Shortly afterward, draft-resistance unions were set up at the University of Wisconsin and Berkeley, while the radical SDS, the usual sponsor of "We Won't Go" statements, continued its anti-draft agitation. Though organized anti-draft activity began with the Chicago conference, most anti-war students (and adults) in this period were still directing their protest at the war, not the draft. After the New York peace march last April, this focus began to shift.

The April 15 march was billed as the largest peace demonstration in history, attracting from 120,000 to 400,000 marchers in New York (depending on whose figures you believe) and another fifty thousand in San Francisco. Its purpose, in Dr. Spock's words, was "to demonstrate the unity against American involvement in Vietnam by people of different points of view." The march and rally were orderly; only five persons were arrested for disorderly conduct. The impact of the march was equally mild. Nothing "happened," and a reaction of frustration set in.

The day after the march, a group of young men representing various fledgling draft-resistance unions, SNCC, CORE, SDS, and other groups, met at Columbia University to plan increased activity. The Wisconsin Draft Resistance Union at Madison was selected to serve as a clearinghouse. It was to put out a newsletter reporting on activities of all groups and to keep a roster of people working in draft resistance.

In May, Student Mobilization, an offshoot of the adult Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, held a conference in Chicago to evaluate the effects of the April march. It concluded, according to a report by Joe Chandler, a Wisconsin draft-resistance leader, that "New ways of effecting change in our society must be found. Protest is simply inadequate." Many adults also turned from the peace movement to the more aggressive anti-draft movement. It was this desire for a more active role that led the Mobilization Committee, a coalition of anti-war groups and sponsors of the orderly April demonstration, to organize last May the October 23 march on the Pentagon.

In turning from simple protest, which is protected in most instances under the First Amendment guarantees of free speech and peaceful assembly, the peace movement was heading toward action—action that would include attempts to shut down induction centers, harass military recruiters, and counsel others to turn in draft cards and evade service.

Throughout the late spring and summer of last year, draft-resistance groups were set up in cities across the country. By September there were an estimated eighty draft-resistance organizations, not counting the various branches of the Mobilization Committee, Women Strike for Peace, and SDS, all of which were working part time in draft resistance. Activities became formalized. Offices were set up, with full-time employees keeping regular hours and paid modest salaries out of contributions.

Policymaking

The movement by this time was sufficiently strong and institutionalized that it is possible to examine the purpose behind it and the methods it has used. The purpose is to undercut the administration's foreign policy—"to help make it impossible to fight the war in Vietnam by cutting into the pool of manpower," as the founders of Chicago Area Draft Resisters (CADRE) put it at their initial meeting last May. The method was described at the same session: "We intend to do this by educating young people about the unjust and illegal nature of the war, the misdirection of our foreign policy, and the coercive, anti-democratic nature of the draft; and by bringing about a direct, open confrontation with the Selective Service System."

Until October it was widely thought that the best way of getting people out of the draft was by a series of rejections and deferments—student, occupational, conscientious objector, medical, and so forth. To achieve this, draft-resistance organizations set up counseling centers. Most counseling was directed at winning conscientious-objector classifications, although less candid but still legal tactics were also put forward. One suggestion: refuse to sign the Army's disclaimer of subversive activities when reporting for a pre-induction physical. This would force a time-consuming government investigation and perhaps lead to a 1-Y classification (unfit except in national emergency).

As an adjunct to counseling, also

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in an "educational" vein, pamphlets were distributed to large groups of draft-age men and especially to those about to take their pre-induction physicals. Although many of the pamphlets might be termed inflammatory ("Johnson Wants You—To Be a Killer" or "Cannon Fodder—That's You"), their purpose could be legally justified as "educating" young men to the resisters' view of the war in the hope of leading them to a counseling center.

But it soon became evident to many anti-drafters that this one-by-one method, this "wheedling," would not lower the pool of manpower to any serious degree; neither would it create the desired widespread dissatisfaction with the draft. Counseling began to be viewed primarily as a tool to obtain people's support and draw them into the movement. One resister commented: "If a guy takes a CO, it's beautiful, as long as he helps someone else get a CO. If a guy goes to Canada, that's beautiful, but he's got to help others go to Canada. The day of the guy doing his own thing to save his own skin is dead. It's got to be collective."

OCTOBER, 1967, ushered in the stage of collective action and the "direct, open confrontation with the Selective Service System" that had been talked about since the first Chicago anti-draft conference in December, 1966. An organization called the Resistance, composed of forty loosely organized groups of draft-age men devoted to non-co-operation with Selective Service, took the leadership. At a meeting in August, Resistance scheduled the mass turn-in of draft cards in October which resulted in nine hundred cards being mailed to Washington. This act was regarded primarily by the members as a dramatic public means for students to renounce their deferments. Resistance leaders, aware of the illegality of their acts, claimed to be prepared to go to jail to achieve their purpose—"a rejection of the individual copout or postponement in favor of direct action against the warmakers. We want the draft resister to take the initiative."

At that point, adults, though still oriented to the peace movement, began supporting the anti-draft cause in larger numbers. Resist, a group of intellectuals, artists, and clergymen that put out the statement entitled "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority" that was partially responsible for Dr. Spock's indictment, pledged itself to aid and abet draft resisters by giving them moral, financial, and legal support. Women Strike for Peace, in its annual meeting in September, voted to devote "the major part" of its effort to draft resistance—meaning, primarily, helping those who had actually resisted. Mobilization for Peace also began to explore methods by which adults could aid resisters, as did the Concerned Clergy and Laymen Against the War.

By the end of the summer the stage was set for the October Stop

the Draft Week, which saw successive waves of thousands of protesters in Oakland trying to shut down the induction center and dozens in other cities attempting the same thing on a smaller scale; it saw hundreds of draft-age men turning in draft cards (less than a third of which were bona fide) and hundreds more adults issuing supporting statements; it heard ministers and professors supporting those who were breaking the law—activities that were to be repeated during the second "week" early in December. Stop the Draft Week and the following fortnight saw military recruiters picketed and sometimes bodily imprisoned on at least two dozen campuses.

This escalation in civil disobedience was accompanied by taunts to the government that amounted to a breast-beating "Look, look! We're breaking the law; arrest us." Finally, in January, the government obliged.

A Growing Movement

The government is at pains to claim objectivity in its attitude toward draft resistance. The Justice Department release of December 9, announcing the establishment of the special prosecuting unit, devoted a paragraph to the idea that "lawful protest activities, whether directed to the draft or other national issues," would not incur penalties. The government is not invoking the "clear and present danger" standard under which speech intended to produce illegal action loses its protection under the First Amendment. "Speech is not enough," said a Justice Department official. "There must be an overlay of conduct and overt assistance."

Yet, although government officials would like to play down the impact of the draft-resistance movement, its growth has exceeded all expectations. On last May 5, in the House Armed Services Committee, Criminal Division chief Fred Vinson said, "No one has been prosecuted because the department felt no one had violated the law." According to resistance sources, though, May 5 came at the end of a heavy period of emigration to Canada; and had the department not chosen to look the other way, it could have found cases of aiding and abetting. The difference now is that while escaping into Canada was a personal act, and cases of aiding and abetting were relatively few, the effort to undermine the Selective Service today is organized.

The line between lawful and unlawful protest was dramatically crossed last October and again last December. Now, with the prospect of a new series of anti-draft demonstrations this month, it is likely that the line will be crossed on a still greater scale. Moreover, the movement is several giant steps ahead of where it was in April, 1967, in audacity and size and in the prestige of some of its members. By pleading not guilty, Dr. Spock, the Reverend Mr. Coffin, and the others hope to mount a defense by attacking the constitutionality of that portion of the Selective Service law that makes it illegal to counsel, aid, or abet others to avoid the draft.

In so doing, they are expected to cite the precedent of the Nuremberg trials, at which individuals were adjudged criminal for carrying out the orders of the Nazi government. But if existing laws are upheld, as the Justice Department expects them to be, the ultimate effect of the forthcoming trials will be to warn the largely law-abiding peace movement that there is a line that cannot be crossed with impunity.

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Slamming the Door On Kenya's Asians

NOEL MOSTERT

OVERNIGHT, the Asian community of Kenya, one of Africa's most versatile, industrious, thrifty, and, in the context of the economy within which it operates, indispensable racial minorities has found itself rendered virtually stateless.

There are 330,000 Asians in East Africa, and Kenya has 190,000 of them. At independence in 1963, Asians had a choice of adopting either Kenyan citizenship or retaining their United Kingdom citizenship. Sixty thousand automatically became Kenya citizens because they and at least one of their parents had been born in the country. A two-year grace period was offered the remainder to obtain Kenyan citizenship. Twenty thousand Asians applied before the deadline was reached by the end of December, 1965—but the Kenya government had put on no extra officials to handle these applications and seven thousand are still unprocessed. The balance—between 100,000 and 120,000 Asians (some have Indian or Pakistani passports)—decided to wait and hold onto British citizenship.

During the past twelve months the situation of these Asians in Kenya has deteriorated rapidly. The final blow came with the passage of an Immigration Act that demands that all non-citizens apply for new work permits and stresses that only those considered essential to the Kenya economy will be allowed to stay. In addition, a Trade License Act leaves it to the government to decide whether a trader in a specific area is of benefit to Kenya—that is, whether any particular Indian trading stand is one that an African should have.

As these entirely legal attempts to phase them out of Kenyan life got under way, Asians began exercising the options of independence and left for Britain in steadily increasing numbers, to join the one million colored immigrants who have settled there since the war. By the end of January, some two thousand a month were arriving in London. But, unlike most of the earlier migrants who had arrived penniless from the West Indies, India, and Pakistan, these were for the most part highly literate, skilled, and quite often very prosperous.

Faced with the prospect of absorbing the majority of Kenya's Asians and eventually probably those of Uganda and Tanzania as well, Britain's Labour government, despite countless declarations of outrage against racialism and avowals of the equality of man, came up with the blatantly racial Commonwealth Immigrants Act. Instead of enjoying automatic entry in Britain, British citizens coming from overseas now must be able to prove that their fathers or paternal grandfathers were born, naturalized, or registered as British. This specifically bars the Afro-Asians, most of whom are children of the big immigration wave to East Africa between the two World Wars.

The bill and its discrimination against Kenya's Asians drew from the British press an almost unanimous and fervently expressed condemnation. The reaction of India and Pakistan was equally disturbing. Both decided that if Britain wasn't going to have its citizens, they weren't going to oblige by accepting the responsibility, and legislation quickly went on the books to coincide with the British deadline.

Uncertain Ground

The Indian has never really had reason to feel sure of himself in Africa, though one way or another he has been there a very long time. When the Portuguese arrived on the east coast in the fifteenth century, they found thousand-year-old Arab cities in which pockets of Gujarati traders handled a thriving commerce. A perennial European joke in East Africa in the old days was that many an early British explorer huffing and puffing triumphantly into sight of some remote hinterland goal arrived to find an Indian trader waiting to serve him.

In the most literal sense, the Indians until recently ran East Africa. They control four-fifths of its commerce and, as a skilled and professional middle class, they anchored Kenya before and after independence, when a third of the Europeans left. They have been not only the traders but the plumbers, mechanics, civil servants, craftsmen, clerks, bookkeepers, and accountants. If you got yourself into trouble and you wanted the best man, you got an Indian lawyer.

But they have always been unpopular—with the black as well as the white. They were always distrusted as aliens, and during the Mau Mau terror, when their role was especially passive, they were regarded with contempt by the whites for not siding with them and with hatred by the Africans for not offering *them* any support. They are clannish, keeping their language and customs and religion and dress. They have brought their relatives in from India and Pakistan and trained them to take over their businesses.

The most common accusation against them was that, as traders, they exploited the African. The Europeans, who became angry when the Indians began pressing for equal rights, did their best to keep the notion alive. It became a fixed point of African resentment. Asians conceded that this would be held to their account after independence and many observers were surprised that there was no real move among them then to leave the country.

But in business the Indian is an optimist. He decided to see how things would go, and it wasn't long before he found out. Independence gave Africans the top jobs at once, though not the middle bureaucratic ones, which were solidly Indian. But the advance of African education meant that there were increasing numbers of Africans qualified to fill these lower posts. The Indians were slowly filtered out, and President Jomo Kenyatta recently announced that the civil service was ninety-nine per cent "Kenyanized."

Then attention was turned to the commercial sector. The Nairobi municipality passed regulations that

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virtually wiped out Indian trading around the city. Only a very small area in the center of the city was to be available for non-African Kenyans and non-citizens to trade. Visitors who remember the endless small Indian stores and posts spread through the Nairobi suburbs and outskirts can appreciate what this means. The other large towns have followed Nairobi's example. The Kenyan Trade License Act with *its* restrictions complements the action of the cities in reducing Indian business and trade to a staggering degree.

THE INDIANS themselves are not entirely blameless. They did tend to regulate prices and their majority decision not to take out Kenya citizenship seemed to the Africans in keeping with the Indian's nature, of trying always to hold something in reserve for himself. As Kenyatta's government sees the situation, it had no option. Unemployment is chronic. Had the government not Africanized to some degree, particularly in the civil service, public discontent might have expressed itself more violently —and the Indians would have borne the brunt of any labor riots, as they did in Natal in 1949 when the Zulus went on a rampage of massacre and pillage against the Indians in their midst.

But the forays against the commercial sector were unaccountably severe and, to the Indian, seemed to serve as a final notice that he had better go while the going was good. While seeking to create employment, the government seems merely to have brought a situation where unemployment is bound to increase. The Asian businesses, though reluctant to allow Africans into executive positions, nonetheless were big employers of Africans. The closing down of many firms has thrown people out of work—even some Europeans have been laid off because of the abrupt fall in demand for goods and services. The loss of foreign exchange has been serious, and so has the hasty departure of skilled men who took off at a moment's notice to beat the British ban. They will leave a gap in the general efficiency of commercial life.

It is generally agreed, in East Africa as well as in Britain, that the British government's haste to get a bill through forced the present situation. As several African leaders pointed out, the new Kenya laws, severe as they were in theory, were being applied gradually in practice. The Kenyan Immigration Act specifies eleven categories of employment, and no one need apply for a work permit until his category has been posted in the Kenya government's gazette. So far only one category has been posted—that affecting the junior skills in business, such as clerking and typing. It probably would have taken a number of years to work through all the ten remaining categories—there simply aren't trained Africans for the truly professional positions.

Indians knew they would have to go, and the Africans wanted to make sure they did, but the process was

orderly until the announcement of the British bill. Suddenly businessmen and professional men who had no real reason for leaving before joined the rush for fear of not being admitted later when their number came up in Kenya.

Climbing Down

It is impossible to say what the future attitude of the Kenya government is likely to be toward the Asians who remain. British Home Secretary James Callaghan told Parliament that it had not been possible to have any "meaningful" discussion with the Kenya government on the matter. He had sought to reach some agreement but there had been "no response" at all, and he concluded somewhat lamely: "I find it very distasteful to believe that any government, any Commonwealth government, would pursue a policy to the point where it is deliberately going to throw people out of work and indicate to them that they must leave the country in which they were born and bred within a matter of weeks or months."

What would happen to the Asians if, through local developments, the Kenya government moved even more severely against them in the near future? Uganda's President, Milton Obote, promptly announced that his country would not become a refugee camp for Asians whom Britain declined to accept. The same attitude undoubtedly would apply in Tanzania.

Kenya's High Commissioner in London, himself an Asian, said that Indians turned back from Britain might be indefinitely shuttled back and forth between London and Nairobi. ". . . I can imagine a situation in which they will be perpetually in the air. . . . I would be very surprised if we took back anyone who was refused entry into Britain." But the British bill provided for this contingency by stipulating heavy penalties for the ship's master or the aircraft's pilot if they brought illegal immigrants.

Callaghan himself seemed to be adjusting the bill to meet all emergencies as he went along. First he set an annual quota of 1,500 "vouchers" for future admissions of those without the parental qualification. Then he commented that this was not a rigid figure but would be "flexible to the circumstances," and finally added, "I am asked what will you do if a man is thrown out of work and ejected from the country. We shall have to take him. You cannot do anything else in those circumstances." This statement seemed to make nonsense of the bill itself. If Britain finally found itself compelled to take in all those who had a case for coming, why the bill? To what avail all the very real damage it has caused to British prestige, and to the economy of a country whose President, Jomo Kenyatta, offers one of the few moderate political counsels in his corner of the world?

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One Kennedy Book For the Price of Two

PETER LUCAS

WHO would have thought that Senator Robert Kennedy of New York and Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, sitting down at their typewriters hundreds of miles apart, would each write books with everything between the dust jackets the same? A reader who pays $4.95 for each of the books published by Doubleday will discover that he has bought substantially the same book twice. But he has gained a heroic photograph of Bobby Kennedy and the American flag and one of a somber Teddy Kennedy staring out with pensive eyes.

Who wrote what when? Bobby's *To Seek a Newer World* was put out November 24. Teddy's *Decisions for a Decade* came out on March 22. It is common knowledge that the brothers think alike. But this is too much. Take schools, for instance. Bobby says: "When the children have not learned, we have blamed the children; the ways and standards of the educational system were assumed to be immutable."

Teddy says: "It is astonishing that professionals, whether writers, teachers, or administrators, should point to the failure of children as evidence of the child's inferiority. What it proves is that the schools, by retaining processes which have not worked for decades, are failing in their job."

Bobby tells us: "The average Harlem child loses ten points in his IQ between the third and the sixth grade; and he is farther behind his white counterpart now than he was thirty years ago."

Teddy: "Startling as it sounds, the reading level and IQ scores of children in New York's ghetto schools *drops* between the third and sixth grade; and now, after thirty years of effort, the achievement gap between white and Negro youngsters in that city is wider than it was thirty years ago."

Bobby on nationalism: "Whatever appeal an insurgent movement can gain through a program of reform, its appeal will be enormously enhanced if it can seize the banner of nationalism, the strongest political force in modern life."

Teddy, with brevity: "Nationalism asserts itself against *any* outside power, including ours."

Bobby on Latin America: "But in the years following the Second World War our attention, energies, and resources were largely concentrated on the great and urgent task of rebuilding Europe and working for the containment of, and then a just and stable peace with, Soviet power."

Teddy: "Moreover, our concern with the reconstruction of post-war

Europe and defense against Soviet power and ambitions has turned American attention away from Latin America. While the Marshall Plan was pouring billions into Europe, we virtually ignored the deepening poverty and revolutionary ferment of our fellow American Republics."

Bobby on the Alliance for Progress: "Some of the difficulties could be traced to the United States; far more to the Latin Americans themselves."

Teddy on the Alliance: "The responsibility for failures in its implementation must be borne by the United States and Latin American governments alike."

Both quote Jefferson. And to reverse the procedure for a moment, Teddy says: "What we need, in a favorite phrase of Thomas Jefferson, is to 'divide the counties into wards,' creating small units of government, with real power, within our established boundaries."

Bobby: "To meet the problem, Jefferson urged the division of the nation, within each state and community, into what he called 'republics of the wards.' . . . "

Probably the most revealing passages are these:

Bobby: "One Latin American president told me succinctly: 'If you want a government that says always "yes, yes, yes," you will soon have to deal with a government that says always "no, no, no." ' "

Teddy: "As a Latin American president once said to an American official: 'If you demand a government which says "Yes, yes, yes"; you may finally get one that says "No, no, no." ' "

IN HIS INTRODUCTION, Bobby says: "The essays in this book primarily grow out of work, travel, and speeches in the Senate since I first took my seat there in January of 1965."

Teddy, in his acknowledgments, says: "My viewpoint on the problems discussed in this book has developed during my five and one-half years as United States Senator from Massachusetts. . . . I have learned much from my colleagues, many of them thirty years my senior, who nevertheless have been most generous in sharing with me their wisdom and experience."

Pressed to choose between the two books, I would select Bobby's. It has eleven more pages, which, apart from the different dust jackets, appears to be the main difference between them. But then again, the type in Teddy's book is bigger.

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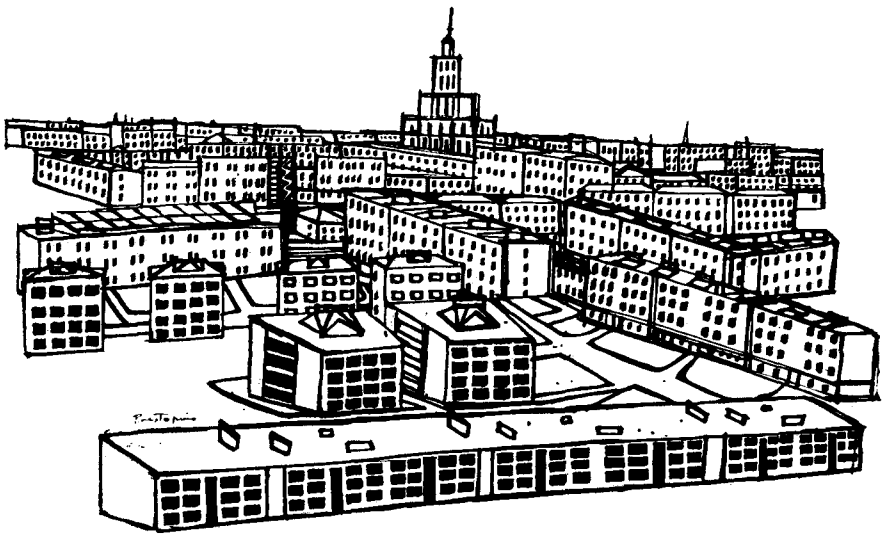

The Poles Intervene In Purely Polish Affairs

LEOPOLD TYRMAND

On August 25, 1830, in Brussels, Auber's opera *La Muette de Portici* was produced. During the performance Adolphe Nourrit sang the aria which begins with the words "*Amour sacre de la patrie*" with such fire that the audience became wild with enthusiasm, burst out of the theatre and onto the street, and spontaneously mounted a campaign that ultimately resulted in the independence of Belgium. Until a few weeks ago, that was the last time in Europe that a theatrical production set in motion a far-reaching political change. Now this unusual event has been repeated in Warsaw.

The student demonstrations in Poland began when censors of the Gomulka régime closed the production of a classical drama of Polish literature, *Dziady*, by the nineteenth-century romantic poet Adam Mickiewicz. The play had been presented with a becoming sense of reverence by the Warsaw National Theatre, a traditionally Polish institution. It was then banned, according to the official version, as "unfit for public view." The real reason was that certain anti-Russian lines, originally inspired by the autocratic rule of Poland by Czarist Russia, evoked enthusiastic applause in the theatre. This was not the first time that the censor banned a classic play because of contemporary interpretations. Earlier a production of Aristophanes' *The Birds* was canceled following a lively public reaction to its strangely familiar and pertinent attack on corruption.

No one, however, would have dreamed that a Polish censor would dare to raise his hand against Mickiewicz—Poland's Goethe, Byron, and Victor Hugo rolled into one—the more so because, although the bitter anti-Russian passages are still artistically brilliant and morally fresh, they now evoke basically the same response as Pushkin's tirades against Napoleon and the French. Indeed, the Soviet government organ *Izvestia* published a favorable review of the *Dziady* production a few days before the Polish censor closed it down.

The demonstrations in defense of *Dziady* began, in fact, in a mocking vein: the placards and streamers carried by students in Warsaw bore legends that were humorous rather than provocative. There were arrests and expulsions from the university which in March led to renewed demonstrations. The Gomulka régime saw fit to react violently. It committed police riot squads in crash helmets who used tear gas against the demonstrators. It was as though the authorities not only had forgotten what Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels, and their followers had taught the world in the interval since the Brussels production of *La Muette de Portici* but also were unmoved by the important fact that their young victims were the sorcerer's apprentices, pure Marxists bred in strict orthodoxy and thirsting for original truth. They were neither the workers fired by nationalism as in October, 1956, nor the counterpart of the goliard dissenter-student in the West today.

A Rigid Reaction

The creators of historical materialism and the founders of scientific and political socialism taught that economic exploitation and social injustice are the sole catalysts of change. Only these, they held, create the requisite moral position and revolutionary feeling. In the light of their teaching, therefore, a theatrical production would be a most improbable cause of a serious uprising. Hence, from the point of view of orthodox Marxist theory the harsh reaction of Gomulka appeared illogical and even inane. From the point of view of fifty years of official Communist practice, however, it had an irrefutable logic, a logic as far removed from the theoretical bases of Marxism as the golden cupola of a baroque cathedral is from the stable of Bethlehem. And the clash of theory and practice in the streets of Polish cities has now annihilated Marxist dogma concerning revolutions.

On March 1, the Warsaw branch of the Union of Polish Writers called a protest meeting. Overriding the opposition of the conformists, it passed a strong resolution against censorship and dictatorship of whatever political persuasion. In the high schools and universities of Warsaw, Krakow, Lublin, and Poznan, students organized mass meetings that followed a monster public demonstration in Warsaw and the storm-

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ing of the Ministry of Culture and fighting with the police.

Until now, the great battles of dissatisfied peoples have usually been fought out around the Ministries of Supply, of Justice, or of Foreign Affairs. An attack against the Ministry of Culture represented a significant innovation. It showed how culture ("superstructure" according to the Marxists; "the realm of the spirit" according to the Christians), a segment of society treated with contemptuous indulgence by politicians, takes its course and leads to fruition in our time. Culture has become, paradoxically enough, one of the most effectively explosive materials in our materialistic epoch.

The revolutionary goals of the Polish Marxist writers and students were limited and marked a departure from the old slogans of Marxism. They were moral-social postulates, such as freedom of expression, equal rights for all beliefs, integrity and freedom of information, the rule of law, and observance of the constitution. The old slogan "Bread and Freedom," which was heard everywhere in Poznan and in Budapest in 1956, has been split in two. Asia, under Communist rule, is crying for bread—or rice; Communist Europe craves freedom. The future will show which of these slogans tends to become the more dangerous.

Le Monde of Paris on March 15 commented: "The concrete consequence of the latest events is the undeniable fact of the politicization of the broad masses of Polish students who until now were indifferent to politics. We are witnessing the birth of a movement which is impossible to liquidate and whose future significance may be of crucial importance."

THE SALIENT characteristic of this movement is its limited scope. A second characteristic is a lack of anti-Communist and anti-Russian accents in its current program and phraseology. The protest over the censorship of *Dziady* did not change from the first stage of mockery of Gomulka's fear of offending the Russians to an ugly anti-Russian mood. The postulates of expanding freedom and democratizing social and cultural life didn't turn into anti-Communist slogans. Nevertheless, the lack of such elements does not diminish the strong opposition spirit of the movement, but rather defines it. This, indeed, is the most revelatory phenomenon on the Eastern European political scene.

The iron rule of totalitarian systems is that the only truly effective resistance and opposition originates on the peripheries of power, close to the ruling group itself. After the fall, or rather the brutal elimination, of the revisionists who prepared the Polish October in 1956, the only distinctly visible nucleus of resistance was a small group of disenchanted young Communists who signaled their protest in the name of saving Marxism and the purity of the workers' ideology. Those young

men came either from the special schools of theoretical Marxism or from the families of active Communist functionaries: their disappointment with the moral indifference and bourgeois evolution of their parents led them to revolt.

Three years ago the best-known representatives of that group, Jacek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski (the stepson of the late Stalinist Minister of Foreign Affairs), wrote a "Letter to the Party" that became famous among Marxist nonconformists. In it they gave a picture and an analysis of current social relations in Eastern European Communism that young Engels in nineteenth-century Manchester would have been proud of. Gomulka's régime answered the letter by jailing both authors—an action considered unduly harsh at the time by many older Polish Marxists.

Now, although the latest events in Poland demonstrate that the régime's severity and its fears were not without foundation, it would be incorrect to narrow the movement's scope just to Kuron's and Modzelewski's followers or to neo-Marxist, neo-revisionist inspiration. The movement's leaders represent a broad range of ideological attitudes and age groups. It is not easy to find the moving spirit of a group of leaders in which the seventy-year-old liberal Antoni Slonimski sits next to neo-Marxists in their twenties, and in which the atheistic philosopher Leszek Kolakowski collaborates with the Catholic Stefan Kisielewski and the nationalist historian Pawel Jasienica. As always in sudden showdowns, the best appeal to men is a genuine and time-tested integrity of intentions and consistency of ideological positions. These characteristics distinguish the recent events from the Polish October of 1956, when a substantial number of Stalin's servile minions suddenly discovered a liberal conscience. They calculated that Gomulka would try to expand freedom.

The Two Polands

That was a grievous error. Gomulka's return marked the end of the process of Poland's de-Stalinization, not the beginning of an era of reform. The current movement of intellectuals and students seems to be free of opportunism and careerism. The problems are clear and the situation is sharply outlined. On one side are people of good will and broad horizons. On the other is the ruling apparatus—brutal, limited, dull, corrupted by incessant struggles for power, clinging to its privileges and advantages; Stefan Kisielewski, at the revolutionary meeting of the Writers' Union, labeled it "the dictatorship of neo-ignoramuses."

This kind of polarization of moral values has produced the Hitlerian methods to which the authorities have resorted in their confused desperation: Kisielewski was beaten unconscious by agents of the secret police disguised as workers. The régime that chose such a grotesque means of

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fabricating a propaganda "truth" was also capable of proclaiming that "Zionists" in league with West German Nazis had instigated the riots. The whole performance had a tone vividly reminiscent of the Nazi storm troopers, with echoes of "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion."

Student life under Communism has always been subjected to forms of political and economic terror: the fear of the consequences of having the wrong social background when one applied for entrance to a university (the right social background, political submissiveness, and general servility—not individual ability—are the main qualifications for acceptance); "starvation scholarships"; the struggle to achieve better living conditions after graduation—all this conditioned Communist youth to an attitude of apathy, inertia, and subservience. Only small isolated groups were interested in broader problems and social activity.

The March riots, in contrast, galvanized almost the entire academic community. Their greatest effects were both to involve the students in politics and alienate them from the government to a degree unmatched in the history of Eastern European Communism. The academic milieu emerged as a strong, consciously forged social segment, claiming a share of responsibility for the national life as a whole. And this spirit spread to the proverbially apathetic provinces. The riots shaped a new awareness of young people between fifteen and thirty. The fact that this group constitutes statistically forty-five per cent of Polish society puts the party-state in an exceptionally complicated situation.

The revolt of the students and intellectuals has not yet been supported by any other social sector. Before it started, rumors circulated in Poland about the bitter disappointment among the workers and about impassioned and persistent strikes, and there were expectations of solidarity with the lowest social classes. As it turned out, however, neither a relentless inflation nor the chronic shortage of meat nor starvation wages provided the basic impulse to revolt. Once again, reality thwarted Marxist doctrine and delivered a powerful blow at the petrified lies of the Communist apparatus.

THE EVENTS in Poland cannot be separated from the general Eastern European context. The erosion of the Soviet empire in Europe has taken two distinct paths: the internal evolution and the external one. Yugoslavia and Romania are evolving in the external sense, centrifugally, gaining their independence from the Soviet Union in the sphere of international decisions. Poland and Czechoslovakia are trying to evolve internally, striving to reshape their entire system of internal relations within a Communist framework.

The Czechs have plugged themselves in with unexpected energy and effectiveness, and have recently accomplished surprising changes. But the Czechs have just begun to struggle, whereas the Poles have behind them ten years of Gomulka's cruel counter-reformation. For the Polish Communists were shrewd enough in 1956 to abandon straightforward Stalinist terrorism and contrive a fairly sophisticated and largely effective façade of legality in their prosecution of dissent. How Alexander Dubcek, the new Czech party chief, will proceed and how he will react when the very foundations of Communist power are endangered remains to be seen. But what is far more important for the West is the fact that this second Polish-Czech type of evolution does not alienate itself from the basic process that is going on in Russia, from the metamorphosis and changes occurring now in the depth of Soviet society. In some sense, the Polish-Czech activity conditions and influences everything that the Russian intelligentsia does and intends to do.

The young Soviet intelligentsia is now moving into an imminent and definitive confrontation with the ossified pseudo values of a dogmatism rendered sacrosanct by fifty years of Leninist Communism. As always happens in Russian history when a social group strives for progressive changes, the young Soviet intelligentsia is largely isolated from the rest of society, which is traditionally conservative and instinctively given to worshiping anyone in authority—even the most inhuman tyrant. Certainly this group needs allies, but universalism and international connections were never the strong point of the Russian intelligentsia, which has always remained deeply burrowed in Great Russian nationalism.

On the other hand, today's Soviet intelligentsia is infected with Marxism, a fact that reduces, if it does not exclude, the possibility of their looking for support among Russian émigré centers, the easiest and most logical contact points with the West and its progressive ideas. What remain then are their fellow Slavs, the progressive and struggling intelligentsias of Poland and Czechoslovakia. These are sufficiently westernized and have traditional bonds with the West that have proved strong enough to provide the bridge over which existentialism, abstract painting, *la nouvelle vague* of the cinema, the new style of theatrical production, new books, and the new sociology have already passed from West to East. The history of Sinyavsky and Daniel, Ginzburg and Galanskov, and the Phoenix Group is the history of young Russian contacts with Poles and Czechs of the same age group. Through Warsaw and Prague run the lines of communication from the young Soviet intelligentsia to Paris and New York. It is no exaggeration to say that on the young Soviet intellectuals, awakened and pugnacious, eager to regain their rights and their traditional role in society, will depend in no small way the fate of mankind.

TODAY'S WORLD, despite its deep division, is an integral body: the situation in which human thought is in thrall in half of the world is impossible to maintain. Mankind may pass through many Budapests, but finally at a certain moment it will find itself forced to intervene. It is better to think about it beforehand. It has been obvious for a good many years that the free world does not have any fixed concept of how to aid and inspire the evolutionary movement on the other side, nor does it know what to do in the case of sporadic departures from the evolutionary course, such as the recent sudden turns into quasi-revolutionary action in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The ghost of the enslaved intellect crying for freedom stalks Eastern Europe, and banishes sleep from the eyes of Communist rulers debilitated by decades of regimentation and moral illiteracy.

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By Fernando Krahn

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The Wedge-Tailed Eagle

GEOFFREY DUTTON

THROUGH the hot, cloudless days in the back of New South Wales there is always something beside the sun watching you from the sky. Over the line of the hills or above the long stretches of plains, a black dot swings round and round; and its circles rise slowly or fall slowly, or simply remain at the same height, swinging in endless indolent curves, while the eyes watch the miles of earth below, and the six- or maybe nine-foot wing span remains motionless in the air. You know there is nothing you can do that will not be observed; that the circling eagle, however small the distance may make it, however aloof its flight may seem, has always fixed upon the earth an attention as fierce as its claws.

But the eagles watch the sky as well as the earth, and not only for other birds; when an Aero Club was established in their country, they were not alarmed by the noisy little training airplanes. Occasionally, they would even float in circles across the airfield itself, and then disappear again behind the hills. The pilots had little fear of colliding with one of these circling, watchful birds—the vast, brown-black shape of the eagle would appear before the little biplane and then be gone. There was nothing more to it. No question of haste or flapping of wings, simply a flick over and down and then the eagle would resume its circling. Sometimes a pilot would chase the bird and would find, unexpectedly, a response. The eagle would seem not to notice the plane and hold the course of its circling until the very moment when collision seemed inevitable. Then there would be the quick turn over, under, or away from the plane, with the great span of the wings unstirred. The delay and the quick maneuver would be done with a princely detachment and consciousness of superiority, the eagle in the silence of its wings scorning the roar and fuss of the aircraft and its engine.

TWO INSTRUCTORS from the club were drinking one day in the town local with one of the farmers over whose land they used to fly.

"Two of us, you know, could do it," one of them said. "By yourself it's hopeless. The eagle can outfly you without moving his wings. But with two of us, one could chase him round while the other climbed above and dived at him. That way we'd at last get him flustered."

The farmer was not at all hopeful.

"Maybe it would take more than a couple of planes to fluster an eagle hawk. There's a big one around my place, just about ten feet across. I wish you could get him. Though if you did hit him, there mightn't be much left of your little plane."

"It always beats me why you call them eagle hawks," said one of the pilots. "The wedge-tailed eagle is the biggest eagle in the world. You ought to pay him more respect; he's the most magnificent, majestic bird there is."

"Magnificent, hell! You ever seen them close up? Or ever seen them feeding? The king of birds landing on a lolly-legged lamb and tearing him to bits. Or an old, dead, fly-blown ewe that's been fool enough to lie down with her legs uphill. Watch him hacking his way into their guts, with the vermin dancing all over his stinking brown feathers. Then all you've got to do is to let him see you five hundred yards off and up he flaps, slow and awkward, to a myall where he sits all bunched up, looking as if he's going to overbalance the little tree. Go ahead with your scheme. I'd like to see you beat one at his own game."

A PILOT in a small, acrobatic aircraft is like a child. He longs for something to play with. He can be happy enough rolling and looping by himself in the sky, but happiness changes to a kind of ecstasy when there is someone against whom to match his skill, or someone to applaud him when he low-flies through the unforeseeable complications of tree and rock, hill and river. The contest becomes more wonderful the nearer it approaches death, when all else is forgotten in the concentration of the minute. The pilot who fights with bullets and shells is ecstatically involved in his action. This fight with the wedge-tailed eagle was to be to the death, not a battle of bullets or shells but of skill against inborn mastery. The risk of death would be there, just the same, both for the bird and for the pilot supported by the fragile wood and fabric of the plane.

One cloudless morning the two pilots flew off together, in close formation, toward the valley of the farmer's house. The sky was as clean as a gun barrel and the sun hit them both in the back of the neck as they flew westward toward the scrubby range and the valley beyond. They loosened their helmets and let the wind, like a cool rushing sense of elation and freedom, blow around their necks and hair. The country matched the element in which they moved: both hard and unforgiving of mistakes, yet endlessly stretching, magnificent in freedom.

As they approached the hills, the earth below them and the creeks were brown and dry as a walnut, with a strip of green along the river and a few bright squares where a farmer had sunk a bore and put in a few acres of lucerne. A mob of sheep stirred along in a cloud of

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dust through a few scattered myalls and gum trees. The pilot of the leading aircraft finally bounced over the hills through air rough from the hot rocks, and turning away from the other, moved up the broad valley, searching the sky for the black dot of an eagle wheeling and wheeling like a windmill on its side. There was no sign of anything, not even of a cloud or a high whirly of dust. Everything seemed to him shiny and empty, yet somehow waiting to go off.

He made a long, leisurely run up the valley, a few feet above the ground, lifting his wing over a fence or two, turning around a gum tree or away from a flock of sheep. The only other sign of life was the farmer standing near his truck by the gate of a paddock. He answered his wave, turned and flew over him, and then continued up the valley. Above him, in the other plane, his friend waited.

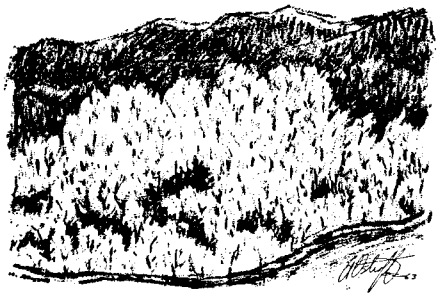
He ran his wheels almost along the ground and turned across another fence. Suddenly the whole top of a tree flapped off in front of him and the eagle disappeared behind him before he could turn. Another bird rose from a dead sheep a few hundred yards away, but the pilot's whole attention was concentrated on the bird that had risen from the myall tree. It was undoubtedly the eagle the farmer had told him about.

By the time he had turned and come back in a climb, the eagle was five hundred feet above him. He opened the throttle wide and pulled the strap of his helmet tight. He looked for the other plane and saw that his friend was moving toward them and climbing also, so that with the added height he could dive as they had planned.

The pilot was astonished to find that the bird was outclimbing him without even moving a feather of its wings. On the hot, unseen currents it swung lazily round and round, its motionless wings always above the quivering, roaring aircraft. To make things worse, the pilot, in order to climb as quickly as possible, had to move in a straight line and then turn back, whereas the eagle sailed up in a close spiral. His hand pushed harder on the small knob of the throttle already wide open against the stop. Perhaps the battle would come to no more than this, the noisy pursuit of an enemy who could never be reached.

Yet the eagle, its mastery already established, now deliberately ceased climbing and waited for the plane to struggle up to its level. The pilot came around in a curve at the bird, the plane on the edge of stalling, juddering all over, the control stick suddenly going as limp in his hand as a pump handle when a tank is dry, the slots on the end of the wings clattering above him; and then, just as he ducked his head to avoid the shining curved beak, the braced black and brown feathers, the sky amazingly was empty in front of him. The eagle had flicked over as lightly as a swallow, with no sign of panic or haste. He looked over and saw it below him, circling as quietly as if nothing in the whole morning, in the sky or on the land, had disturbed its watchful mastery of the air.

As he dived toward it and followed it around again, he saw his friend drop his wing and come down, steep and straight, to make



the attack they had planned. He could see that the eagle, for all its apparent negligence, was watching him and not the diving plane. This was the moment they had waited for, when the eagle would break away, as usual, only to find another plane coming at it before it had time to move. The pilot's heart lunged inside him like the needle of the revolution counter on the instrument panel. Waiting until his friend had only another few hundred feet of his dive left, he jerked the controls hard over toward the shining feathers of the bird. It turned and fell below him exactly as they had hoped it would. He pulled himself up against his straps to watch its flight. The other plane was on it just as it began circling again. But the collision did not happen. The plane shot on and began to pull up out of its dive; the eagle recovered again into its slow swinging, a few hundred feet lower.

Yet it had shown a little concern. For the first time a fraction of dignity had been lost: momentarily the great wings had been disturbed a little from their full stretch. It had been startled into a quick defensive action. The pilot's excitement now blotted out everything but the battle in progress, leaving him poised between earth and sky, forgetful of both except as a blur of blue, a rush of brown. The last thing he'd seen on land had been the farmer's truck coming across the paddocks to a point somewhere below. Nothing existed for him except the black, polished brownness of the eagle's plumage, the glistening beak, the wedge-shaped tail. In contrast to all his noisy maneuvering, his juggling with engine and controls, the eagle had scorned him with its silence, with its refusal to flap its wings, its mastery of the motionless sweep, the quick flick to safety and then the motionless circling again. The pilot had begun to wonder who was playing with whom. Perhaps the bird would suddenly turn, dive, rip him with his talons, and slide sideways down the vast slope to earth.

Yet now the eagle had been forced to move its wings, and the pilot had seen the first sign of victory. Sweat poured around his helmet and down his neck and chest. His shirt clung wetly first to his flesh and then to the parachute harness. He looked at his altimeter and saw that they were down to seven hundred feet. Above him his friend was ready.

He turned in again toward the eagle. The plane shivered and clung to height, on the last fraction of speed before the spin. Feeling the stiffness of his hands and feet on the controls, he told himself to relax like the eagle in front of him. He looked quickly upward and saw his friend begin to dive. The eagle knew now that both planes were attacking. It circled still on unmoving wings, but subtler and harder to follow, and shifted height slightly as it swung around.

The other plane was almost past him in its dive when he com-

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pleted his turn in a vicious swing toward the eagle; he missed, spun, corrected, and looked up to see the other airplane, which had dived this time far below the eagle, coming almost vertically up below the just leveled bird.

The eagle heard and saw, and flicked over to where, before, safety had always been emptily waiting for it. It flashed, wings still gloriously outstretched, straight into the right end of the upper mainplane of the aircraft, exactly where the metal slot curves across the wood and fabric. The heavy box of bone, beak, and claw plunged and slewed to the ground. The pilot could not watch the last few feet of its descent. For the first time he was grateful for the roar of the engine that obscured the thud of the body striking earth.

The two pilots landed in the paddock, and, leaving the engines running, walked over to the dark mass of feathers. They stood in silence. The moment of skill and danger was past, and the dead body before them proclaimed their victory. Frowning with the glare of the sun and the misery of their achievement, they both looked down at the pitiful monarch. Not a mark of blood was on it, the beak glistening and uncrushed, the ribbed feet and talons clenched together. It was not the fact of death that kept them in silence; what both of them could still see was the heap of bone and feathers, slewing and jerking uncontrolled to the ground.

In the distance they heard the noise of the farmer's truck approaching, and saw it stop at a gate and the farmer wave as he got out to open it. They quickly picked up the bird and ran with it to a little hillock covered in rocks at the corner of the paddock. Between two large rocks they folded both wings across the bird and piled stones above it; and then, each lifting, carried a large flat stone and placed it above the others.

As they ran back toward the airplanes, a black dot broke from the hills and swung out above them, circling round and round, watching the truck accelerate and then stop as the two airplanes turned, taxied, and slid into the air before it could reach them.

I Left It at the Astor

GERALD WEALES

Joseph Papp is probably the oldest teen-ager in New York, and a good thing, too. That, at least, is the impression I carried away from the first two productions of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater, the jawbreaking name of Papp's new winter theatre in the old Astor Library.

The Public Theater—or Papp's theatre, as most of the public calls it, conditioned by years of Papp statements and challenges raining down on the theatre pages of the local newspapers—launched itself with a rock musical, *Hair*, and an unlikely *Hamlet* that seemed to promise excitement, irreverence, and surprise. With the latest production, Jakov Lind's adaptation of his own novel, *Ergo*, the tone has shifted slightly, but the Public Theater is still the place to go in search of a theatrical experience in which artistic risk produces enough inventiveness to make the accompanying blunders forgivable. More than that, it is a *place* to go.

An audience at the Public Theater is already half won before a play begins. There are so few theatres in New York that are a physical pleasure to enter that the space and beauty of the converted Astor Library provide an aesthetic come-on. Giorgio Cavaglieri, the architect who did such a stunning job with the old Jefferson Market Courthouse in Greenwich Village, has done a similar valuable service here. The transformation is still in process, since it will take a long time and a great deal of still unrealized money before the building contains the two main theatres, the children's theatre, the concert hall, and the finished working space that the Public Theater envisages. To go through the building, as I did recently, and see the wings in varying states of disrepair is to understand what a major achievement the present theatre is.

One enters the Public Theater by stepping into a foyer which is to the elbow-plagued outer lobbies of Broadway houses as the gigantic depot in Cincinnati is to the new, claustrophobic Penn Station. Around the corner and up the stairs (or the elevator) is a bright, white, spacious interior lobby, broken into small units by an excellently hung photographic exhibition—at the moment, a first-rate show on protest, right and left, by Benedict J. Fernandez, a happy replacement for the self-advertisement that accompanied the earlier productions—that allows people to wait in their own group rather than in a mob. In the auditorium itself, where the brightly colored seats, which wrap around three sides of the playing area, provide ample leg room, it is possible to relax and expand into the building. The auditorium is two stories high, retaining the original pillars and an attractive skylight—artificially lit—which give the theatregoer a sense of grace and enlargement.

The Public Theater opens out as one steps into it—in contrast, for instance, to the much larger auditorium of the Lincoln Center Repertory, which closes in, inhibits, smothers. What one sees on the stage at the Public Theater may be shocking

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(or may wish it were shocking) and is almost certainly designed to disquiet as the building itself comforts, but the receptivity of the audience is the greater for its being happily housed. It may be unfair to compare the Public Theater to other theatres, since all that space and splendor for only three hundred people who pay minimal prices for their tickets is contingent on subsidies from public or private funds. There are extenuating circumstances, then, but they cannot erase the fact that the prospect of attending—even of being disappointed by—a new play at the Public Theater is a cheerful one for me, as it is for an increasing number of theatregoers. That kind of expectation is what a continuing theatre thrives on.

MY ENTHUSIASM for what is going on at the Public Theater should not be taken as unrestrained admiration for its productions to date. I cannot report on *Hair* in its initial environment because I did not get around to seeing it until it had moved uptown to the Cheetah, a big, square (more than architecturally, I suspect) hall that is normally a discotheque. What *Hair* has most to offer is the good-natured exuberance implicit in even the most ordinary rock music and embodied in the vitality of young performers. It has several amiable numbers—the ballad "Frank Mills," for instance; yet its songs are commonplace, musically and lyrically, compared to the work of the more sophisticated contemporary groups—the Rolling Stones in their most recent manifestation and the Beatles of *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. The plot, about which no one cares very much, is the old standard about the boy who loves the girl who loves the other boy who. . . . Although the show, despite its self-mockery, embraces the somewhat amorphous love ethic that is presumably rampant in hippiedom, it is a love that never quite takes in the two ugly ducklings who keep pressing their noses against the windows of their peer group.

Hair also has some satirical points to make—it is against war and air pollution—but it is not really an attack on our society, nor a plea for a more livable one. It is the creation of a bogus subculture, like the one that used to exist in *Our Gang* comedies, a children's world, divorced from reality, which is a comfort to middle-aged audiences who are bound to find it more attractive than Tompkins Square and certainly more palatable than Needle Park. There is much singing and talking about pot, LSD, and sex and a casual use of obscenities, but I went indulgently soft while I watched it and found myself thinking of *Peck's Bad Boy* and *Penrod and Sam*. Although it is a great deal less revolutionary than it thinks it is, *Hair* is at least alive. When it opens on Broadway this month, as the ads keep promising it will, it should be the liveliest musical in that tired neck of the woods.

On the assumption that *Hamlet* is "a play of shattered focus," a chaos, a fragmented experience, as Papp insisted in a look-at-us note in the program, he turned Shakespeare's play into an expressionistic knockabout black comedy that had more fun than meaning in it. What he hoped to remove was the traditional emotional context, leaving a block of events on which the audience could practice its intelligence. What he threw away was *Hamlet* itself, which, however chaotic, is a recognizable structure of scenes and speeches. What is left is an extravagant vaudeville made up of sometimes funny, sometimes bizarre, sometimes corny images that might have been labeled "thoughts on reading *Hamlet*." At their best, as in the scene in which Hamlet and his father's ghost share one of the soliloquies in a Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen routine, they go beyond the ludicrous and suggest something important about the play; in this instance, that Hamlet is bound up with his father in more ways than the Shakespearean ghostly encounter indicates.

Generally I am impatient with the kind of transposed production that moves a Shakespeare play into a new historical setting and splits itself up the middle, fulfilling the demands of neither Shakespeare nor the new setting. With Papp's *Hamlet* I had no such misgivings. The play was so obviously not there that I relaxed and enjoyed the show for its own sake, which is not to say that I came away from the theatre with any startling new insight into our own time. Too many of the tricks, even the amusing ones, were as conventional in 1968 as the posturing Hamlet with the skull, which Papp wanted to escape, was in the nineteenth century. Even Martin Sheen, whose Hamlet had a delightful rapport with the audience the night I was there, lacked the desperation that might have pushed the play from game to statement. Now closed to make way for *Ergo*, the Papp production, having made its peace with the New York City Board of Education, is in rehearsal, with a new Hamlet but otherwise with much of the original cast, readying itself to give performances to high-school students who, it is hoped, will come back from this *Hamlet* for another look at the text.

IT IS almost impossible to sum up *Ergo* in a few sentences. Jakov Lind's grotesque comedy seems to me to be the conflict between two aspects of the German character (Lind and the play's settings are Austrian), parts of a whole that once worked together to create the orderly madness of Nazism. The plot, or what there is of it, concerns the attempt of Roman Wacholder to lure his old friend and comrade Ossias Würz out of the sterilized enclosure in which he has taken shelter. Wacholder is a kind of romantic, a demented dreamer, who lives in a warehouse full of paper with a philosopher who talks carefully reasoned nonsense (a placental theory of life) and a writer—whom he calls his son—who writes only the classics. Wacholder is the embodiment of disorder and violence. In the novel, in a line much like one used in the play, Würz says, "i am cleanliness, order, industry, future, purpose, air, pure breathing, decency"; but his glaring-white home, as sterile as a laboratory, exists only by shutting out life, represented not only by Wacholder but by the world in which his two stepsons operate as male prostitutes. In the end, Würz is broken by his wife and her sons and Wacholder buries himself at the insistence of his younger friends. Since Lind's subject is presumably Germany (and Austria) today, the novel and the

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play are a comment without comfort. Perhaps he is suggesting the necessary rejection of the past, but what remains is no more attractive; it is, at best, a less naïve extension of what went before. The note on which the novel ends would serve as well for the play: "and he died just to give the others something to laugh about, but the others didn't laugh."

Although much of the material and the dialogue of the novel passed directly into the play, they are quite different. The novel is extremely contemporary—oblique, suggestive, indefinite. Its equivalent on stage would be the work of Harold Pinter. *Ergo,* as Gerald Freedman has directed it, is an echo show, suggesting, in Würz's house, the expressionism of Georg Kaiser and, in the chorus, each member of which is equipped with a life-sized doll as partner, the cartoons of George Grosz. Much of the play is funny in a very ugly way and most of the performances are quite good, but the play is redolent of a nostalgia that renders it harmless. I almost fell in love with the two leading ladies, Maxine Greene and Miriam Lehmann-Haupt, who had obviously been chosen without that audience response in mind. *Ergo* is a cheerful show. In view of its subject matter, I am not at all sure that is what it set out to be.

ON THE OTHER HAND, why not? If there is a pattern in the work of the Public Theater so far, it is its likableness. Maybe the house itself has infected the productions. Bernard Gersten, the associate producer for the company, told me recently that there was no rationale, no preconception, no theoretical rule by which the plays were chosen for production. Perhaps, without quite planning to, the company has hit upon the idea of having fun with serious ideas on the assumption that the audience, having licked away the sugar coating, will be left with the bitter taste of the ideas in their mouths. If so, why do I carry in my head not ideas but the beat of "I Got My Hair," the picture of Fred Warriner as King Hamlet's ghost in his long underwear, the monumental mincing of Maxine Greene?

BOOKS

The 100 Per Cent American Nightmare

MARVIN BARRETT

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE, by Gore Vidal. *Little, Brown. $5.95.*

What is Gore Vidal trying to tell us in *Myra Breckinridge,* his eleventh and most outrageous novel? Does he have a real message or is he simply thumbing his nose, a common enough practice in the arts these days? Is he trying to subvert all sex and pornography or is he merely denying the homosexual ethos he formerly wrote of so sympathetically? Is he attacking the American Dream or is he committing literary hara-kiri? I would say all these things were on his mind at one time or another during the writing of this book, and it is his success in getting most of them across that makes it worth reading and commenting on. On most other counts it is pretty dreadful.

Vidal may never have been ranked a genius; but as a sort of pop-age Leonardo, a minimal Renaissance man, he is a literary and public personage not to be dismissed lightly. Although well born and highly connected (his grandfather was the blind Senator Thomas Pryor Gore of Oklahoma, his father a successful public servant and airline executive, and he has shared a stepfather with Jackie Kennedy), he got where he is by his own hard work and cleverness. He wrote his first novel, *Williwaw,* in 1944 when he was nineteen and a warrant officer on a ship in the Aleutians. Over the next decade seven novels appeared, the best known being *The City and the Pillar* (1948), a homosexual romance, the first popular American example of a genre that has been appearing and selling in increasing numbers ever since. In 1954, Vidal stopped writing novels for a decade, but, as one of the principal ornaments of what is now referred to as the Golden Age of Television, he was already twice as busy and successful as before. Then there was Broadway (two long-run hits, *Visit to a Small Planet* and *The Best Man*) and Hollywood (*Ben-Hur, The Catered Affair, Suddenly Last Summer,* and adaptations of his two plays).

In 1960 he ran for Congress. Although he didn't win, he received more votes in his upstate New York district than any Democrat since 1910, including John F. Kennedy, who ran twenty thousand votes behind him on the same ballot. (By then Vidal, who on top of all his other advantages possesses one hundred per cent American good looks and a sharp, amusing tongue, had become one of TV's favorite panelists, well known to his constituents on late-night shows.) In 1964 *Julian* appeared, a large, carefully researched novel about Julian the Apostate, probably his most satisfactory and serious work to date. Last year it was *Washington, D.C.,* a slick political tale with rumored real-life originals for its principal characters. This year it is *Weekend,* which opened on Broadway last month, and *Myra Breckinridge,*

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which bring us back to messages and nose-thumbing.

Just a few years ago, anyone who wanted to publish pornography, for that is what *Myra B.* is, would go abroad to do it, or at least assume another name if he chose to publish at home. As recently as *Candy*, a book somewhat less offensive to popular taste, both precautions were taken.

The only concession to public sensibilities made by Vidal and his highly respectable publisher was to announce in advance that there would be no publicity releases and no review copies. Then they sat back and watched the orders roll in. This mixture of cynicism and provocation says something about the current state of writers, publishers, the reading public, and critics as well, that Vidal undoubtedly wanted to say. If he got away with it, and by his own lights he has (it promises to be his biggest money-maker to date), there could be few literary bounds left to exceed.

STILL, beneath its deliberately provocative surface, one must admit that *Myra Breckinridge* has deeper purposes as well. If I don't say that the novel is really a profoundly moral work, someone else, no doubt Dwight Macdonald, will. Despite a superficial coyness, it takes a stern, unfriendly view of the modern world, and only to those who are so inclined already (as apologists for TV violence say about mayhem and sex on children's programs) could it possibly recommend the painful and unnatural practices that are described in its more explicit passages.

Myra herself ("whom no man will ever possess") is single-minded, homiletic, and an intellectual engagée to boot. "I would be only too happy to become world dictator," she says, "if only to fulfill my mission: the destruction of the last vestigial traces of traditional manhood in the race in order to realign the sexes, thus reducing population while increasing human happiness and preparing humanity for its next stage." The story grows out of this grim commitment.

Myra, the supposed widow of one Myron Breckinridge, is a beautiful creature of indeterminate age and complexion who arrives in Hollywood ostensibly bent upon completing her late husband's masterwork, *Parker Tyler and the Films of the Forties; or, the Transcendental Pantheon*, and upon taking over her share of the family inheritance, a theatrical academy on prime Los Angeles real estate. Her real purpose, however, is the one quoted above, and all the pornographic as well as hortatory passages of the book relate directly to it. The orgy scene, the interminable anal rape, the sado-masochistic sexual encounter that ends in a broken neck for one ecstatic partner, are all distorted to satisfy Myra's implacable desire to convert and edify.

The appeal of pornography such as *Candy* is that there is no more serious consequence of naughty behavior than there is in a Tom and Jerry cartoon. With the turning of a page psyches and bulbocavernosi return to normal, and the wages of sin is not debility and death but, deliciously, more of the same.

Not only are there nasty consequences in Vidal's little morality tale; he takes his lofty homosexual theme of twenty years back (then all high-toned sentiment), grinds it to sludge, and flushes it away with a lewd satiric chuckle. The mechanics by which this is accomplished are ingenious, and since any moderately discerning reader will guess what is coming by page 30, I feel no compunction in giving the trick away. Myra is actually Myron remodeled by drastic surgery. This endows her/his activities with a dizzying ambiguity that reaches its peak when he/she finds herself/himself not only seducing but falling in love with the dewy hundred per cent American girl friend of his/her chosen victim, former pro footballer Rusty Godowsky.

"Two weeks after I left the hospital where I spent my long convalescence and rehabilitation," writes Myra/Myron in the book's penultimate paragraph, "we were married in Vegas, and so were able at last to settle down and live a happy and a normal life, raising dogs and working for Planned Parenthood." Meanwhile, Rusty, the All-American boy friend, his "last vestigial traces of traditional manhood" destroyed, has become not only a big Hollywood star but a "complete homosexual."

What we have witnessed, beyond the utter confounding of both homo- and heterosexual romance, beyond some sort of new plateau in programmatic pornography, may well be Vidal's farewell performance as a novelist. He has said elsewhere that fiction is dead and in *Myra B.* he says it again: "More than ever am I convinced that the only useful form left to literature in the post-Gutenberg age is the memoir; the absolute truth, copied precisely from life, preferably at the moment it is happening."

For fiction's decline as well as the tarnishing of glamour in general, Vidal blames the younger generation. Only half kidding, he has Myra/Myron say: "In the Forties, American boys created a world empire because they chose to be James Stewart, Clark Gable and William Eythe. By imitating godlike autonomous men, our boys were able to defeat Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo. Could we do it again? Are the private eyes and denatured cowboys potent enough to serve as imperial exemplars? No. At best, there is James Bond . . . and he invariably ends up tied to a slab of marble with a blowtorch aimed at his crotch. Glory has fled and only the television commercials exist to remind us of the Republic's early greatness and virile youth."

And again: "Traditional human speech seems to have passed them by, but then one must never forget that they are the first creations of that television culture which began in the early Fifties. Their formative years were spent watching pale grey figures (no blacks, no whites—significant detail) move upon a twenty-one-inch screen. As a result, they are bland and inattentive, responsive only to the bold rhythms of commercials. Few can read anything more complex than a tabloid newspaper."

OTHERS, including in Vidal's own generation Mailer and Albee, have declared war on the American Dream, but no one so far has disposed of it in quite such a nightmare fashion.

Where does Vidal go from here? If it is too early yet for the memoirs he mentions above, what can we look forward to? Military manuals perhaps? Or books of prayer?

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What Melville Wrote

HENNIG COHEN

TYPEE: A PEEP AT POLYNESIAN LIFE, by Herman Melville. *Northwestern University Press* and *The Newberry Library*. Volume I of the Northwestern-Newberry Edition of the Writings of Herman Melville. *$10*.

Following a tradition that goes back to the fifth century, Hebrew scribes copied the Holy Writ with absolute fidelity, preserving peculiarities, inconsistencies, and what the less finicky would dismiss as obvious errors. In so doing they gave vent to their piety and at the same time maintained an impeccable standard of textual purity. The publication of a "critical text" of Herman Melville's *Typee*, the initial output of a committee of scribes engaged in editing the entire Melville canon, is a similar act of devotion producing similar results. What will henceforth be known as the Northwestern-Newberry Edition, after the learned institutions that are its sponsors, fulfills a hope long deferred.

The occasion calls attention to *Typee* itself, a familiar but little-read narrative of a sailor's adventures in a South Sea island paradise. Melville's first book, it is obscured by the shadow of his subsequent accomplishment, being scarcely comparable to the monumental *Moby Dick* and less attractive today than such of his existential fables as *Benito Cereno* with its racial undertones, and *Billy Budd, Sailor*, with its tensions between military necessity and private morality. It also brings notice to a larger enterprise: the arduous labors, somewhat lightened by government grants, on scholarly editions of Whitman, Mark Twain, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and other contributors to the national scripture that are afoot in various academies throughout the land. Let us cope with this subject first.

From the beginning of modern literary scholarship, Americans have been responsible for fine editions of *British* authors, e.g., the variorum Shakespeare and Spenser, Robinson's Chaucer, Hughes's Milton. Meanwhile we neglected our own. As recently as five years ago, the Modern Language Association, the group most concerned, set up a Center for Editions of American Authors simply because almost no progress in this painfully tedious, demanding, and costly area was being made. In essence, books with the status of classics were being reprinted over and over again from earlier copies that may or may not have represented the author's intentions, a procedure that assured the perpetuation of old errors and encouraged the introduction of new ones. Scholars lamented fitfully and turned to more interesting things, of which there were many. But the pressure built up.

Recognition here and abroad of the quality and accumulating mass of American literature, in part a concomitant of the international role of the United States after the Second World War, made it a highly marketable commodity, and the expansion of higher education everywhere encouraged the bullish trend. The crucial surge came when teaching methods shifted from a historical emphasis to sharp focus on the literary work itself. At this point the condition of the text became a matter of considerable consequence. If Melville's words are sacred, then we must have them pure and undefiled.

The standard classroom example of the perils of exegesis based upon a faulty text occurs in F. O. Matthiessen's great study *American Renaissance*. This remarkably sensitive critic went astray because he relied upon the only edition of Melville's complete works then (and even now) available. Matthiessen analyzed a climactic passage in Melville's *White Jacket* that describes the fall of a sailor from the masthead into the sea and his sense of suspended animation before he begins to rise to the surface. The interpretation hinges on what Matthiessen called "a metaphysical conceit"—the adjective "soiled" modifying the "fish" that brushes against the sailor and restores his awareness of vitality. To Matthiessen, in the context of the passage, "soiled" suggested a pattern of purification and rebirth. Unfortunately, the correct reading of the word is "coiled," which makes it a somewhat different kettle of fish.

AN APPENDIX to *Typee* of more than a hundred pages sets forth the scope and character of the editorial effort, under the direction of Harrison Hayford, "to establish a text which represents as nearly as possible the author's intentions." These, presumably, are best preserved in the first edition (the manuscript does not survive), which happens to be English because Harper's had rejected *Typee* as a farfetched fabrication. Basically, the task of Hayford and his crew was to compare the English edition with the earliest American edition, with which it differed slightly, and with a second American edition, with which it differed a great deal because of revisions Melville was conned into making by a skittish publisher. Then they had to resolve the differences. There is a fair amount of pedantry in all this, but the outcome is a text freed from the bowdlerizations and besmirchings of copyists, typesetters, editors, and publishers.

It is good to see the return of the errant passages, victims of Victorian prudery, sanctimony, racial superiority, and a limited view of the nature of fiction. These restorations include some spirited ribaldry such as the description of the Marquesan

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queen who flipped up her skirts in order to exhibit to the officers and men of the French Navy the quality of the tattooing in the environs of her private parts, but mostly they consist of rather mild accounts of hula dances and amphibious dallyings with Polynesian "mermaids." Likewise restored are Melville's expressions of righteous indignation against the incursions of civilization in the form of Christianity, imperialism, and venereal disease. The missionaries howled and Melville revised.

But the objection that seems most quaint came directly from the publishers. In a day before Henry James made the novel respectable, publishers were still uneasy about printing fiction unless it was morally uplifting or clearly founded on fact. The English publisher, John Murray, dodged the issue. He accepted the manuscript for his Colonial and Home Library, a series of factual books, but called upon Melville to reassure him of the authenticity of his narrative and encouraged tinkering so that readers would not doubt that it was, in the words of the preface, "the unvarnished truth."

Typee (the word means "cannibal") is indeed authentic. It is based upon what Leon Howard, in the historical note that is also part of the appendix, calls "the most exciting adventure" in Melville's life—his desertion from an American whaler in 1842 at Nukuhiva in the Marquesas Islands, his captivity by a tribe of noble savages, and his eventual rescue. What made *Typee* Melville's best-known book in his own lifetime was its suspense, its exoticism of the Gauguin variety, its sentimental approach to primitive innocence, and its wealth of factual information about a region beyond the realm of Christendom. What sustains interest today is the dilemma it poses: a man seeks to escape the aridities and restrictions of civilization and finds refuge in a green, Edenic valley only to find there dangers he must flee.

THE NOVELTY of the facts of primitive life—tattooing, "the mysterious Taboo," cannibalism—is less important now than their symbolic significance and the role they play in advancing the plot. Tommo, Melville's narrator, is under heavy pres-

Distances

It is the final grief, how color echoes on the eye
In distance and its cold perspectives.
I see a child in a red hat and jacket walking down
The lines of the severe fences
Through a snowy field and spare bristle of weeds
Till his brave color dances
Random on the eye, and blots; the blood reflects
Back the travelled distances
Of its cold fields, and color dies at the farthest range
In the green pine peninsulas.

Ghosts walk in color where the brain most dazzles white
And strains at distances the eye refused,
Fearing most that fierce geometry that angles vision
To the utter point the blood eludes.
O the children die beyond our seeing always,
In the green trees, in the frozen roots,
In the fenced fields' extremest ranges always,
Having outwalked color, having moved
Among the shadows of the neighbors' farthest trees, until
The eye blinds on their fearful residues.

A Spring Poem, for My Friends

Pray for Spring to come.
Your yards will grow dusty with grass.
The pines on your hills will stand
Careful of fire,
The tubers of blue flag
Will wrinkle in knots
In the caked channels of your ditches.
Stand vigil.
It may come to be
You are in fact
The agents of season.

—JOHN ENGELS

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sure from his captors to allow himself to be tattooed. The designs, wildly fanciful, invariably include markings across the mouth and on the lips. Tommo fears disfigurement, sensing that to submit would mean absorption into the primitive culture, loss of the power of communication, and ultimately dehumanization. Described with the objectivity of an anthropologist, sometimes as a source of comic relief, tattooing "always appeared inexplicable," and it becomes a compelling qualification of life in Eden.

The "inscrutable Taboo" is a metaphor for the irrationality, one might even say pointlessness, of primitive life. For no reason that Tommo can see, a taboo prevents women from using canoes, yet Tommo readily obtains a dispensation for the delectable Fayaway so that she can accompany him on watery excursions. A taboo prohibits one tribe from entering the territory of another, but a native with a sort of counter or double taboo carries a message for Tommo that facilitates his rescue. In Eden irrationality is closer to the surface, as, of course, is cannibalism.

Tommo must return to civilization not only because he is in danger of being eaten, literally or figuratively, but because the expulsion from Eden was categorical. With their vast new world stretched out green and seductive before them, Americans found this reality hard to accept. Whether they sought Eden on the western frontier like the pioneer Leatherstocking or like Tommo among the Pacific isles, it would elude them.

Came The Dawn

FRANCES FRENAYE

THE OUTLAWS, by Luigi Meneghello. Translated by Raleigh Trevelyan. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.*

Recollecting emotion in tranquillity, twenty years later, Luigi Meneghello, a sophisticated and slightly anglicized North Italian, half mockingly gives us an "exercise in exorcism," a pseudo epic of the Resistance, in which he played a supremely youthful part.

A university student steeped in the classics, he was reading Seneca when, as a shavetail lieutenant of the Alpini, crack mountain troops, his unit was disbanded following the fall of Fascism in the summer of 1943. Back in his native Vicenza, he and some of his former schoolmates rallied to the ideas of a quietly but stubbornly anti-Fascist teacher. They were too near the nerve center of the neo-Fascist government of 1943-1945, installed on Lake Garda, to operate anywhere but in the mountains, on the *altipiano* or plateau where their fathers had fought the Austrians in 1915-1918. The appeal of the ideals of their fathers and grandfathers preceded any turn to the doctrinaire Left, and Mazzini's theory of a "war of armed bands" was the basis of their partisan activity.

The more proletarian partisans, however, did things "more easily . . . with less nonsense" than these young "deviationist Croceans," who wanted to "suffer for what had happened in Italy." The partisans soon turned the adventure of camping in the mountains, hobnobbing with stray British soldiers and scrounging food from the peasants in order to avoid being rounded up for the newly forming Fascist army, into more concrete action. As the Allies advanced northward, parachuting guns and supplies, the motley partisan bands waylaid German trucks, raided villages, and, after a summary trial, executed the local Fascist bigwigs. Toward the end, with their numbers swollen by the future Christian Democrats, they set up a highly informal skeleton government that was ready to welcome the Eighth Army to Padua. The rest is history.

Yes, they were "spoiled boys . . . Venetian intellectuals playing at banditry." The writer's recognition of this fact and his memory of those who paid with their lives are what caused him to revisit the scene and write his book. But Gaetano Salvemini, whose recently published letters from America of 1944-1946 were concerned with a generation of young Italians he had never known, would not have entirely disclaimed them. They were the humorous "quiet Italians," who were too impractical and had too little support from the victors to make postwar Italy into a dream republic. Perhaps the difficulties of adjustment to realistic compromise are what caused Meneghello to go teach in England, where Mazzini had once found refuge. These light and urbane recollections, so crisply translated by an English war veteran, Raleigh Trevelyan, remind us of Wordsworth's "Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,/But to be young was very heaven!"

Roses, Roses, All the Way

ANNE FREMANTLE

ROBERT BROWNING AND HIS WORLD: THE PRIVATE FACE, by Maisie Ward. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $8.50.*

Robert Browning was regarded by Henry James as "a tremendous and incomparable modern." For Rupert Brooke, the discovery of Browning was that of poetry itself. Ezra Pound and Robert Lowell both acknowledge their debt to him and their delight in him. Yet today many regard him as unbearably noisy and healthy, his only shortcoming "a little stupidity." Thackeray complained, "What spirits he has . . . He almost blew me out of bed!" and Kingsley wrote of leaving to Robert Browning "beggars, fleas and vines." Miss Ward thinks he was "too Christian for the unbeliever, too flippant for the commonly solemn believer, too new for contemporary fashion." Certainly his devoted family, his happy childhood, his perfect marriage, his robust good health, brand him today as a philistine square. Miss Ward has written an absorbing biography of this great poet whom she describes as "a Stonehenge of rough half-hewn rocks, or a cathedral perhaps only half-finished." She tells of his most productive years, in his wife's shadow, never jealous, never disheartened. This volume ends with Elizabeth's death from the tuberculosis her marriage had arrested.

Miss Ward shows us Robert as a child, followed around the garden by a tame toad—his mother could

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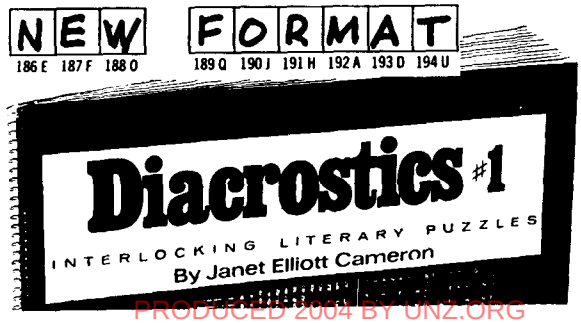

even tame butterflies. He was very musical, a good painter, and religious, reducing his small sister to tears by preaching at her, then telling an imaginary official, "Pew opener, remove that child." His father encouraged him to be a poet only (and financed him). At twenty-three the young author of *Paracelsus* had arrived. Then what perseverance and industry he showed, writing twenty thousand lines in the next ten years, which fell like stones "into a sea of scorn." As a London barrister commented, "A great fuss had been made about one Browning, but it had all ended in smoke." Telling again the story of Robert and Elizabeth's love and marriage, Miss Ward is interesting about their similar

backgrounds: both came from families holding property and slaves in Jamaica. There are excellent chapters on their life together, before Browning "dinner-ed himself away"; about their Italian circle and interests, and about their not negligible enemies. "I hope they may understand each other, nobody else could," Wordsworth commented; and an English diplomat's wife, meeting them in Italy, asked, "Why should that nice happy Mr. Browning have such a dismally mournful lady for his wife... lacking in humour and terribly sentimental?"

Miss Ward writes frankly of Elizabeth's drug-taking ("I should not be alive but for the help of my morphine," Elizabeth admitted) and of her spiritualism, which Robert regarded with horror, describing her friend Mrs. Eckley as having "daily-sprouting toadstools" on her "dung-hill" soul and composing the devastating "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," about the whole baleful subject. She also has excellent sections on *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day* and on *Aurora Leigh*. Good notes, index, and bibliography and the use of much unpublished material help to make this agreeable book live up to its claim to be "Volume 1 of the most comprehensive biography of Browning yet written."

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 188

by HENRY ALLEN

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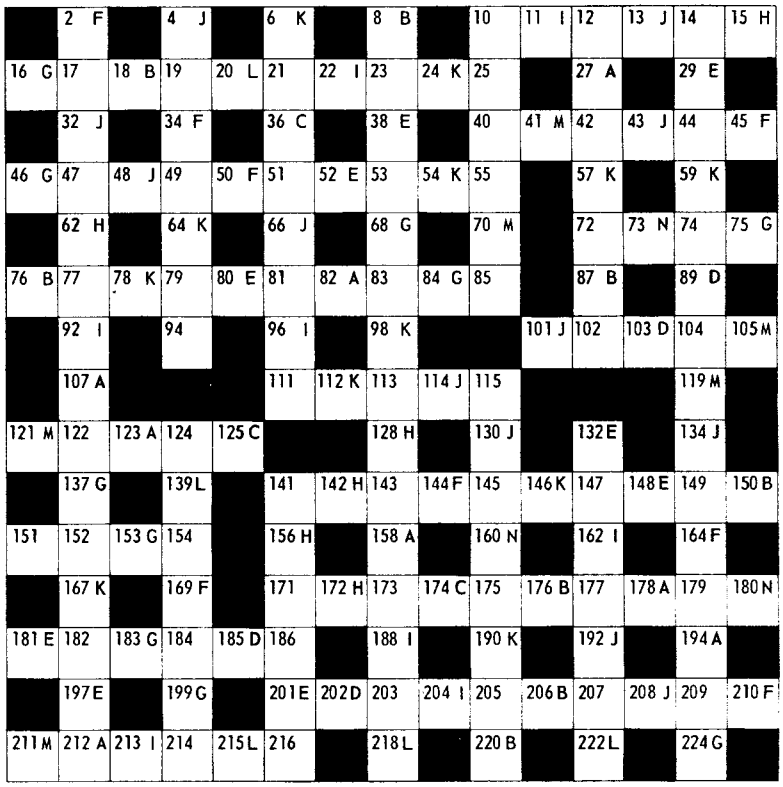
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
158 27 194 212 178 107 82 123
Actor noted for his portrayal of Sherlock Holmes.

B
220 76 8 18 206 176 150 87 "And like enough thou know'st thy _____." Shakespeare, "Sonnets."

C
174 36 125 Famous catcher in baseball Hall of Fame.

D
89 185 202 103 "Others whose fruit burnished with golden_____." Milton, "Paradise Lost."

E
148 197 132 181 29 80 201 52 38
Gentle birth.

F
144 210 50 34 2 45 164 169 Catch sight of things (4,4).

G
46 224 199 75 68 137 153 84 183 16
Pipe at the top of the flue (7,3).

H
62 172 128 142 156 15 A neigh.

I
22 92 188 11 204 162 213 96 City where the University of Michigan is located (3,5).

J
48 101 208 4 114 32 43 134 192 130
13 66 A quick gleam of light from a portable source (7,5).

K
57 167 146 54 78 6 98 59 24 190
64 112 Gait of a mongrel who doesn't know his way home? (4,4,4).

L
215 20 222 139 218 Muddle.

M
121 211 70 105 119 41 A vegetable, often figuratively a reward.

N
160 73 180 "The most may _____ as grossly as the few." Dryden, "Absalom and Achitophel."

ACROSS

10. In late spring James Bond might catch sight! (3,3).
16. What the Acrostician may head (5,5).
40. Odor in things that may chasten children, perhaps.
46. Food you can hang onto? You can't its opposite! (4,6).
72. Musical instrument that's mostly spirit.
76. Naive author may provide an easy job for the printer? (4,6).
101. Can't this snake multiply?
111. Gas with an alternative, I hear.
121. How may he act? He's still a swindler.
141. What the X-ray technician or the seer may have (5,5).
151. Eye trouble in the best years of our lives!
171. Share a boot to do what Daniel Boone often did (5,1,4).
181. Kind of quartering for a cheapskate? (3-3).
201. The crest in men may come in bits and pieces.
211. Kind of train or union unit (1,5).

DOWN

2. Quit and toss the wiper (5,2,3,5).
4. Hippie invitation or encouragement to a blockhead? (3,4).
6. A hot rupee may fill you to an indicated limit (2,2,4).
8. Ready for a venture that may not be repeated (3,8,4).
10. Indian state that states a discomfort I feel?
12. Did a 2 down with a penny in the eyelid.
14. Portrait for a medical journal? (7,2,6).
115. The rater, ere you know it, may be a upas, for example (4,4).
124. Mabel with ninety-nine may be a still.
132. A pen bit bled and ate around the edges.
141. To drop in, in lints, I think (alt. sp.).

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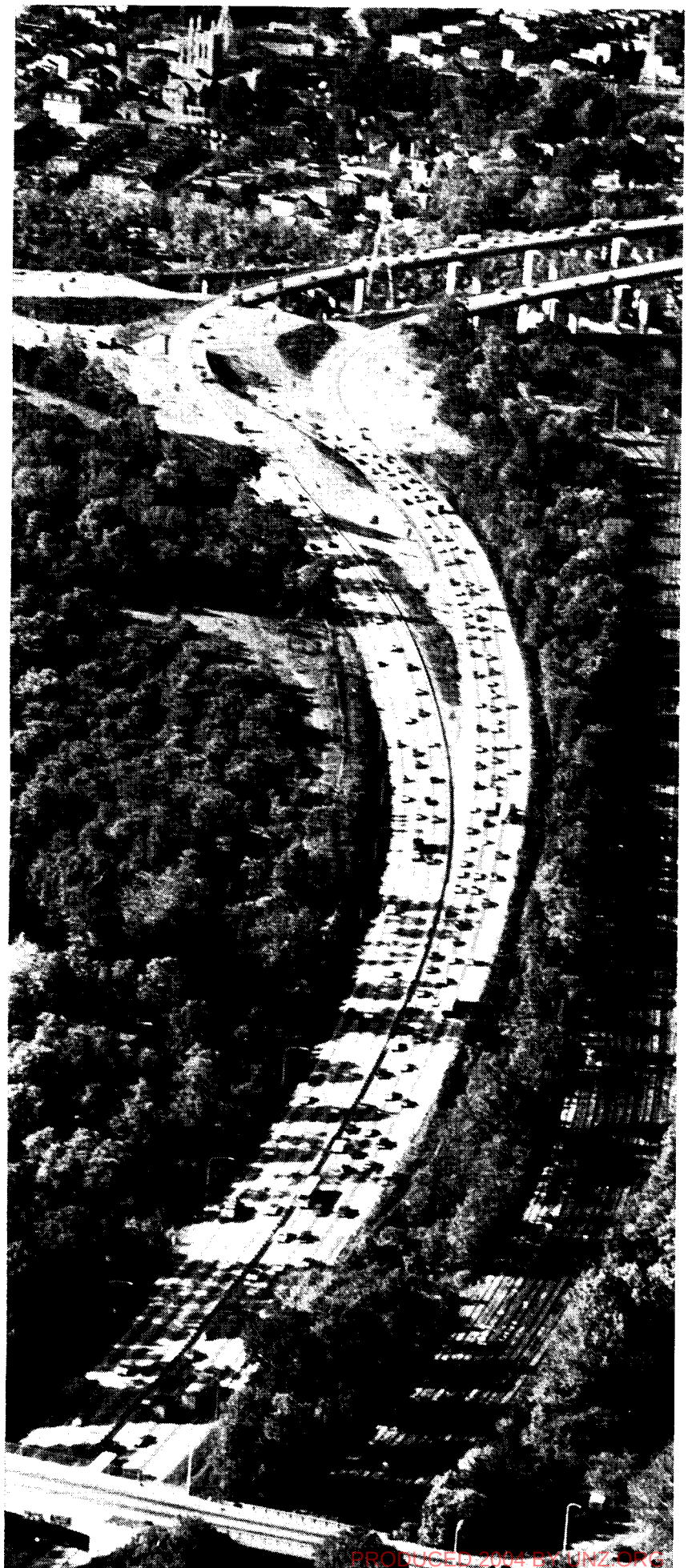

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